





**Robert Gardner, Jr.
Utah Pioneer - 1847**



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PREFACE FOR 2008 UPDATE OF ORIGINAL JOURNAL

As is noted in the "Preface to Previous Editions – Page 84 at the back of this document, there have been at least 5 versions of the Robert Gardner, Jr. Self History and Journal. The first was prepared by Reuben G. Miller in 1934.

To honor Robert Gardner, Jr. for his contribution to St. George City, it was proposed that the statue of Robert be placed at Main and Tabernacle Streets – symbolic of the "cedar stake" he drove into the ground as part of the first city survey in 1862. A Committee was formed to accomplish this task. The Committee discussed providing a copy of the "Journal" to those who made generous contributions toward the statue. As we looked into the process of making those Journals available, it became apparent to me, with my computing and engineering background, that we should "update" the Journal and make it available in "electronic form." In the process of accomplishing that task, it also became apparent that each of these 5 versions of the Journal was different. In addition I found that names, geographic locations and dates were inconsistent. So I attempted to "update" the Journal to fix these problems. After searching for Robert's original self history and missionary diary, I found Microfilm copies of them in the Archives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in downtown Salt Lake City. Upon reading through several pages of these microfilms, I found that there were abridgements and errors in the primary documents – the 1934 Miller edition and subsequent editions.

As a consequence my wife Jackie and I took on the task or "transcribing" from the microfilm to a "raw" document and then edited that document to put it into sentences, paragraphs and more current English structure. The document presented here is that "update" and also includes maps and tables to allow the reader to better understand the enormity of the accomplishments and dedication of these Mormon Pioneers.

I feel that I have gotten better acquainted with my Great Grandfather and his magnificent wives and families. It has been a true inspiration and awakening for me as well as a delight to get to know them better.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A host of people have helped with the preparation of this updated Self History and Journal of Robert Gardner, Jr. Jacqueline C. Gardner, my wife and I have read and re-read the document at each phase of its "transcription" and assembly. Without her I would not have been able to complete the work. In addition many others have provided high quality photographs, genealogical information, and additional sources of information. In addition they have proofed and edit the manuscript. The primary credit goes to Janet Gardner Ralph, Kathleen Stout, Doug Cox, Judy Nelson, Elizabeth Louise Gardner Liechty, Katherine Gardner Staheli, and Geniel E. Gardner.

Tremendous thanks goes to Richard E. Grossen, a Great, Great Grandson of Robert Gardner, Jr. who provided the intellectual ability and horsepower to produce the excellent maps presented in the document. In the future, the entire manuscript with its maps will be freely available in electronic form on the WEB. Richard will host the Web site and provide interactive maps and additional artifacts about this great man.

Finally to Larry H. Gardner and the Robert Gardner Statue Committee who provided the need and inspiration to complete this work. THANK YOU ALL!!

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Robert Gardner Jr. – Self History/Journal

Written by himself at St. George 29 Jan^y 1884

INTRODUCTION

I now begin to write a history of my life, but not being in the habit of keeping a daily Journal and my parents leaving me with nothing written to go by, I have to go by what I can recollect of what they and others told me and my own personal experiences. [See Table 1 on Pages 50-53 for details about important dates and Robert's age at each of those dates.]

My Father's name was Robert Gardner [Sr.]. He was born March the 12, 1781 in Houston Parish, Renfrewshire, Scotland and died 20 Nov 1855 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah, United States. His father's name was William and his mother's was Christiana Henderson. His grandfather's name was Robert Gardner. This is as far as I can go back. My mother's name was Margaret Callender. She was born in January 1777 as near as I can find out, in Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland. Her father's name was Archibald [Callender], and her mother's name was Margaret Ewen of Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

Mother died on 28 April 1862 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah while I was on my mission and establishing a home in St. George.

My father Robert Gardner [Sr.] had many brothers, but only one sister. Her name was Mary. My mother had many brothers, but I only knew of two sisters. One's name was Ann and the other was Lishman. Ann married a man by the name of Baud. They had one daughter whose name was Margaret. One of my mother's bother's names, I think he was the oldest, was Robert and another's name was Archibald. The others names I did not know.

Archibald Callender was a Sailor and was inducted into the British Navy in time of war and deserted while in Baltimore. He then changed his name to John Williams. My father used to correspond with him from Canada when I was a boy. I have tried to find his family by writing. However, I have failed to find any track of him yet.

My mother had 3 sons and 4 daughters. The oldest son's name was William. He was born 31 Jan 1803 in Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Scotland and my sister, Christee [Christine – born 1805]; the oldest daughter was born in Scotland. Next there was Mary and also Janet both born in Scotland. Janet was born in 1812 [5 July 1811], but Janet died in Canada in 1824 at age 12 years. The second son's name was Archibald. He was born [September 2, 1814 – Archibald's book] [Aug 31, 1815 – Robert's Journal] in Kilsyth Stirlingshire, Scotland. I was the next child, being the youngest, except for a girl. She was named Margaret but I think she was still born in Canada. I was born 12 Oct 1819, Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, Scotland. This is the date of my birth as near as my father and mother could recollect. [See Table 2 for a summary of Marriage, Birth and Death records for Robert's 4 Wives and 37 Children.]

My father immigrated to Canada, I think in the year 1821 [according to Archibald it was 1822], he took my brother William and sister Mary with him to hunt for a new home for his family. I think the following year; they located in the back woods of Canada, in the Township of Dalhousie, Bathurst District of Upper Canada [Area south of Ottawa and north of the St. Lawrence River – See map on Page 9]. This was a very poor part of the country, consisting of rocky ridges covered with heavy timber mostly hemlock, pine, cedar, and some hard wood. There were swamps and mud lakes, with small patches that would do to cultivate here and there, but only after cutting off and burning the heavy timber. Then there was a kind of thistle that came up amongst the grain which compelled us to reap it with buckskin gloves or mittens. Cradles, reapers and thrashing machines were not in fashion in that country in those days [the cradle, "a marvelous and wonderful tool for cutting of grain," was invented by a Scottish farmer in 1794 and the McCormick reaper was not patented in the United States until 1834]! It was a hard cold country to live in, but we lived in it for about 12 years.

Text in smaller front and indented is from: “The Life of Archibald Gardner” by Delilah Gardner Hughes, 2nd Edition 2008, Alpine Publishing Co. – Used with Permission of the Publisher

Pages 7 & 9 – Archibald’s Description of their Emigration to Canada

Father with Brother William and Sister Mary emigrated to Canada in the spring of 1822. Mother, Sister Janet, Robert and I remained behind, expecting to follow the ensuing spring. No report came but what would tend to discourage mother. Nevertheless, she sold out all remaining possessions and started to America.

Nevertheless, we took passage aboard the sailing vessel “Buckingham” bound for Quebec. The time of passage was five weeks and three days.

Nothing more was heard of father or the other members of the family until we arrived at Prescott, above Montreal, [Prescott is upstream on the St. Lawrence River towards Lake Erie from Montreal – See Map Page 9] where he was waiting to greet us. What a surprise! It was a time and meeting long to be remembered. This was in the spring of 1823. I was nine years of age. Father had heard that the wives of twenty-five Scotchmen had followed their husbands who had left under similar circumstances. He had traveled seventy-two miles on foot to see if we were among them.

From here we traveled ten miles to the home of a man named Grey where William was working. Arriving at noon, just as the men were coming into dinner, Mrs. Grey asked mother to pick out her son. William had grown very tall in the past year and his Scotch plaids, besides being small for him, were much worse for wear. His hair protruded through the holes in his cap, his face was sunburned, and when he came up, mother did not know him but chose Thomas Reed for her son. William in turn not knowing of our arrival passed her by, but when he did recognize her all present burst into tears. I will never forget their joyful meeting. William quit his job and went with us.

We started for Brookville after dinner and traveled 20 miles before night. William and father took turns carrying me, a nine year-old youngster, on their backs. Once or twice mother bore the burden of my weight when some of the others relieved her of Robert. She carried him most of the time. He was two and one-half years old and not yet weaned. We arrived in Dalhousie where Sister Mary had remained behind to take care of the place while father came in to meet us.

Page 9 – Original Log Cabin in Bathurst District of Canada

This little log cabin, simple as it was, and the small farm nearby had not been acquired without a struggle. The Bathurst District was a very poor part of the country. It consisted of rocky ridges covered with heavy timber, mostly hemlock, pine, and cedar.

The company of Scotchmen with whom my father, brother, and sister had crossed the ocean, landed in Bathurst District and took up land there, the government giving it free. But it was generally rocky and cold, and a great number of emigrants stayed in their camps, using up what means they had. Some contracted disease from which they died, others left for the States, while others went to clear their land when their means were almost gone.

But my father, William, and Mary started from Lournal, their camping place, to look for land the day after we arrived. They found it seven miles back in the woods and commenced at once to build a log cabin. Without horses or means of conveyance, all of their luggage was carried on their backs through the woods, without a road, through swamps, over logs to their destination. All the provisions and seed for spring planting, potatoes, and everything they used came the same way.

SCHOOLING

Hence I lost my education, or rather never got an education, because the people were too poor and scattered in their settlements to have schools. When, after a while we got a school, I was grown to quite a boy and father needed my work on the farm as I was the youngest and the only one at home. 3 weeks was all the time I ever went to school. When I started I was spelling in 2 letter words and when I quit I was a fair reader of the Testament, and the best speller in the school. However, at that point I had to stop my education, which has been the chief lament of my life. What little education I have gained, I have learned on my own since. I have had to pick it up as best I could. My sister Janet died, I think in the year 1824 [Oct 1824]. Christee [Christine] died when she was very young [<2 years old], before we left Scotland.

MOVING FURTHER WEST IN CANADA

William married a young woman named Ann Leackie [Leckie – Miller 1934 version]. I think she was born in Ireland. But I will give more particulars of William’s family hereafter and likewise all the

rest of father's family. By this time Archibald was a young man grown and was tired of that poor country. He started west in search of a better country which he found about 500 miles away in the Township of Warwick, then known as the County of Kent, Western Canada. [The area was about 35 miles west of London, Ontario, Canada and about 30 miles east of Sarnia, Ontario, Canada at the southern end of Lake Huron and north of Lake Erie – See Map Page 9]. He then bought some land claims called W.E. Claims that were then on the market and returned home. As soon as it was convenient, he and his older brother William started for their new home in the west. My sister Mary also went with them.

Page 12 & 13 – Archibald and William's Family Move to Western Canada

We decided to try our fortunes out farther west. After I had left for home to spend the winter of 1834 and 1835, William and his wife and three children started late in the fall for the new location, five hundred miles west. I followed early next spring, leaving Dalhousie which had been my youthful home for twelve years. Boarding a steamboat at Brockville, I sailed up the St. Lawrence River for some distance then traveled northward on foot all through this section, seeking suitable land. I procured five hundred acres at soldier's rights for fifty cents per acre in Warwick, District of Canada, and thirty miles east of Port Sarnia and thirty-five miles west of New London. [See Map Page 9]

William and I worked together the summer of 1835 and raised corn, enough for breadstuff for the coming winter. That fall father and mother and the rest of the family joined us. We were now located in Warwick near the lower end of Lake Huron. Of the five hundred acres I had secured, I gave one hundred to William, two hundred to father, and kept two hundred for myself.

Page 17 – Life in Warwick, Canada

Life in Warwick, Canada, was one of pioneering. With settlements so far away we had no stores to go to. The clothes which we wore came from the backs of sheep in our own pastures. After being clipped, the wool was cleaned and carded by the women. The nearest carding machines were from forty to fifty miles away. The carded wool was spun into yarn on the old spinning wheel and then woven into cloth on hand looms. This cloth the wives and mothers made into clothes for men, women, and children in our own kitchens.

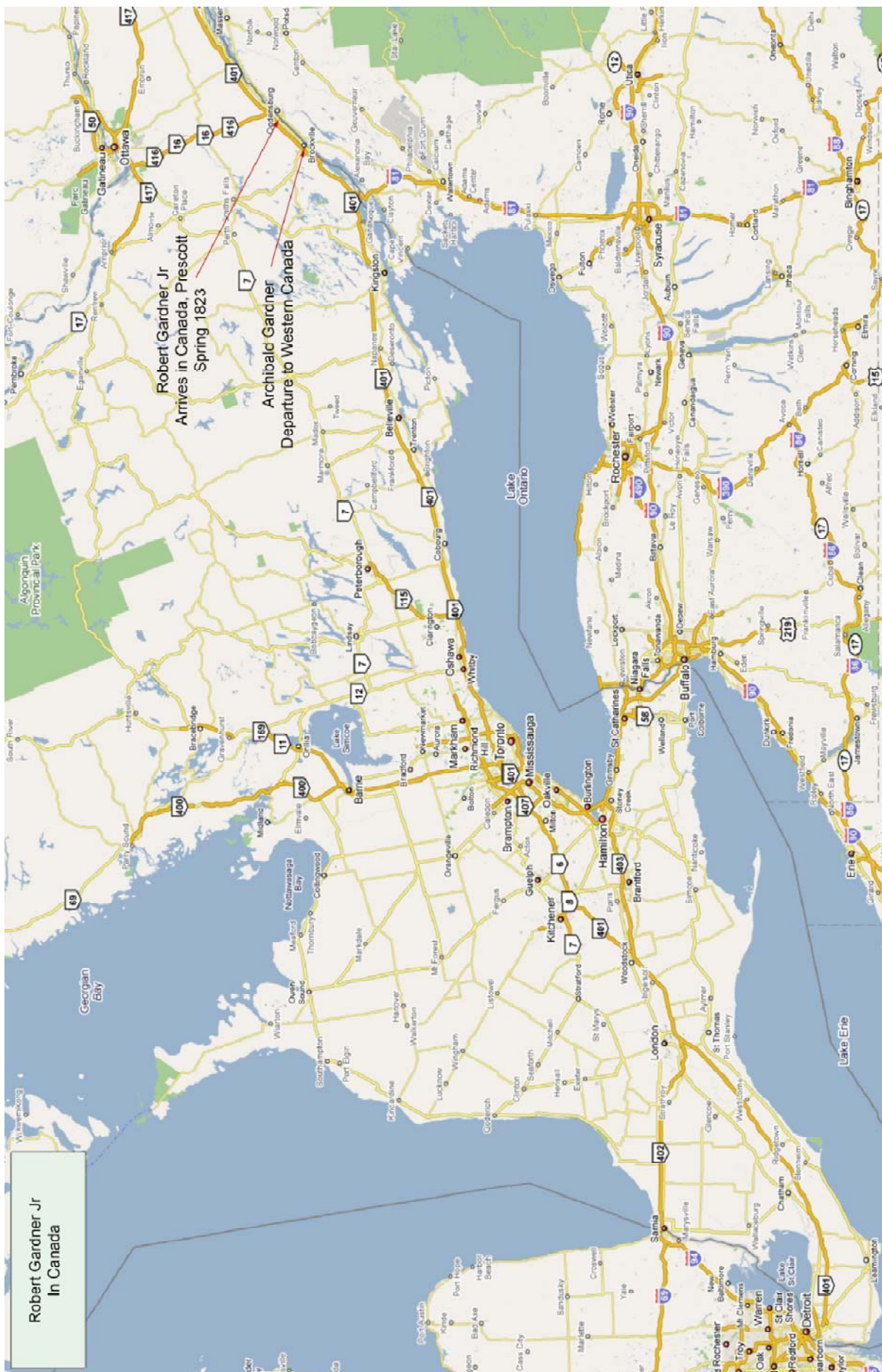
By this time William's wife had 3 children, 2 boys and one girl. Her second child, John was left with his grandmother, to come with us when we went the following fall with my mother and sister Mary, for Mary had come back home. Mary and I and her little boy started, leaving father to follow after settling up his business.

Our fit out [outfit] was one yoke of oxen and one wagon. I was only 14 years of age then and had to take charge of the team and wagon, which was quite an undertaking, being as I had never been away from home before. I forgot to mention that Mary had gone with William. However, she came back home all alone and walked much of the way and is living with me now. She was quite a help to piloting the way west. We traveled about 180 miles by road and the rest of the distance by steam boat. We arrived late in the fall on our land. Father came on in the winter.

We then went to work to clear another timbered farm. The labor was to cut down the timber, cut it into about 16 foot lengths and hauled it with oxen. We then piled it in piles of 4 or 5 logs high and 7 or 8 wide and set it on fire to burn it up during the summer or burning season. Then we had to plant [wheat] amongst the stumps which took many years to rot out. There were no prairies in that area of Canada. It took a great deal of time to make a start in this new country in those days. Those who have been raised in the far west have but little knowledge of the labor it took to make a start in the eastern timbered country, although this country, last described, was a better country than the one we first settled in.

By this time [1835] father and mother were getting old [Robert Sr. was 54 and Margaret was 58 years old] and there was no one to help but Mary and I. I was full of life and strength, at that time, and was willing to work. We soon began to be comfortable. In a few years, my sister Mary married a man whose name was George Sweeten, a native of Ireland. They lived about 2 miles from our home.

By this time William's wife, Ann Leakie, had 4 children and she was badly afflicted with fits [epileptic seizures] and had fallen in the fire several times and had been badly burned. William took all the care he could of her. But being poor and being in a new country and having nothing but his labor to depend on, he could not watch her as closely as was necessary. His father-in-law's family



lived in Dalhousie – the country we had moved from. They had a number of unmarried daughters. They wrote to William asking him to bring his wife back there where her sisters would take care of Ann until her daughter grew up or she got better. So William took her and her youngest child William back to her father and mother. She got no better and died in a few years. Her son William remained with his grandfather's family. At the last account I had of him, he was living in the Township of Sarnia [Sarnia, Ontario, Canada] near Lake Huron, a fine able man and had a family. But he never joined the Gospel [Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints]. I think he belonged to the Presbyterian Church.

Now I am very particular in giving this much history of this young man, for he is a branch broken off from our family. His after generations might fail to know where their fathers sprang from. In addition, this young man might raise a question about his background, which would be very reasonable. Why were my mother and I cast out and neglected? He had been raised from a child among those who were not friendly to Mormonism and the fact that we believe in a man having more than one wife, he might have believed that was the cause of he and his mother being cast out. But he and his mother were taken to his grandfather's long before his father had heard of the Gospel or knew anything about plurality of wives. I could swear before any court that the before statement made on my nephew William Gardner's case is true for I knew all about it. There cannot be any blame laid to my brother William for neglecting of his wife or son. I will admit that I have thought that fatherly affection ought to have induced his father to make him a visit. When I was in Canada in 1857 [on my mission], I had arrangements made to go and see him from London [London, Ontario, Canada]. But I was called home before I got to go. He was later visited by his half brother and cousin and after returning gave me the above named account of where he was.

Hereafter, when this is copied into another book. I will give the names and ages of all William's family.

Archibald, my father's second son, had worked for himself from the time we came to this new country and having an ambitious mind, he went into a neighboring Township called Brook. There he built a flour mill. Later, he built a saw mill which was a blessing to that new country. After that he got acquainted with a young woman, Margaret Livingston by name, and married her.

MORMON MISSIONARIES CONTACT GARDNER FAMILY

About this time, I think it was about 1844, the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was brought to our neighborhood by an Elder whose name was John Borrowman. My Brother William joined the Church to the great surprise of Archie and me. We were not there at home when he joined the Church. However, we did not oppose his joining. I said to him; "Inasmuch as he was a converted Methodist and his sins had been forgiven, what more did he want?" If Archie or me or those who were not converted would join with them, that would be alright. I did not say much more, but went to their meetings to judge for myself. The Methodist preachers used to hold meetings in my house, but when their meeting came at the same time as the Mormons meetings which were 2 miles away, I would go to hear the Mormons and told the preachers they could go on with their meeting at our house and that my wife, father and mother would take care of them. However, I wanted to hear what the Mormons had to say. They advised me very much not to go near the Mormons for if I did I would be deceived. But I went to hear the Mormons when I pleased. I never went out of my way to shun meeting the preachers.

The Methodists soon withdrew their meetings from my house. However, I continued to go to hear the Mormons preach and compared their doctrines with the doctrines of Christ and His Apostles until I was satisfied that it was from God.

ROBERT GARDNER JR'S BAPTISM

Then I applied for baptism. Now this was in the first days of Jan^y 1845. My brother William was the Branch Clerk, but the mice got at his book and I did not get the right day. However, I never will forget the time we went about 1½ [miles] into the woods to get a suitable place for my baptism. We cut a hole in the ice; I think it was about 18 inches thick. My brother William baptized me. While under the water, though only about a second, it seemed to me a minute, a bright light shown around my head and the light had a very mild heat with it. I think I was confirmed on a log near the water under the hands of Samuel Bolton and my brother William, with Bolton being mouth. I cannot describe the feeling that I had at that time and for a long time afterwards. But I felt like a child and was very careful what I said, did or thought lest I might offend my Father in Heaven. Reading and secret prayer occupied all my leisure time. I kept a pocket Testament with me all the time and I found something new on nearly every page and kept turning down the leaves to look at these passages which were such strong proofs in favor of Mormonism until I could hardly find anything, for I had nearly all the pages turned down.

My sister Mary had several children, but all died young but 2, a boy and a girl, Robert and Margaret. After some time, her husband died, but left them a good home and they got along very well. After several years, she married another man; his name was Roger Luckham from England. She had 2 children by him, Mary and Susan. I think this was about the time the Gospel found us.

I mentioned in the fore part of this history that 3 weeks was all the schooling I ever got. What little I have now I got from that and my mother and practice in business. This has been a great drawback to me through life. It has made me feel awkward in society and made me prefer back seats to front ones lest I might expose my ignorance. I might have been some use to the community if I had got an education and it would have been quite a comfort to me in place of fretting for the want of it.

I will here say to my children and my children's children to the latest generation: Make it a point if possible to give your children an education at least in common book learning, that they need to use every day of their life even if they have to do without some of the things of the fashion that are outside of the Kingdom of God.

I wish them to profit by what I have suffered. I wish you to give them the higher branches of education if you can. For this will have a tendency to raise them in a higher scale of being. Now I do not wish to throw any reflections on my father for he was a good scholar. But he was governed by the circumstances as you will see in the fore part of this history.

Nothing of much yet has transpired in my life. Hard work and a willingness to meet it., and to live in peace with my neighbors I think have been the leading features of my life, although I was morally and religiously inclined before I heard the Gospel. The credit of this, however, I wish to give to my mother for she taught of a God and Jesus and though she had not heard the Gospel. I have never had to change the opinions I formed from her teachings and my own reading of the Scriptures for I thought they meant what they said.

Page 23 – Religious Training in Their Home

Children taught to read the Bible, and we devoted much time to it. We could repeat all the books of the Bible, both the Old and New Testament, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many passages of scripture besides a good many hymns – all before I was seven years old.

I made but little mention of religion and my father was not a praying man. He believed in being honest with his fellow man and truthful but never was stuffed with sectarianism.

When I was about 17 or 18 the Temperance men came round and I signed the pledge, not that I was given to drink. They said I should sign the pledge to encourage others that were given to drink to sign it and take the pledge. I kept it for 8 years and I lived in a neighborhood where whisky was nearly as common as water at all the public occasions and I was alone in the pledge. I was often

urged to drink and often sneered at because I would not. But after they saw they could make no impression on me they then gave me credit every time I refused.

About that time I joined what was called the Methodist Church, that being the only religious sect in that place. And I thought they were sincere. I believed some were, but I found many were hypocrites and that was something I always despised, nevertheless I thought my Salvation was between me and my God. Their hypocrisy would not affect me unless I took part, which I was not inclined to do.

MET AND MARRIED JANE McKEOWN - #1

About this time I got acquainted with my first wife Jane McKeown, Canadian born of Irish parents, and was married on 17 Mar 1841 by a Methodist minister David Hardy. My father and mother both were beginning to get old [Father was 60 and Mother was 64] and there was no one at home but me. I did not like to leave them alone. So I brought my wife home so we could live with them or they live with us, for the home belonged as much to one of us as the other and they wished me to bring my wife there.

I then started out with fresh vigor to work on the farm intending to make a big crop that season. The first day I started to plow I worked until the stars were shining. The next day I was sick. In a few days I was shaking with the ague [also known as marsh fever or Malaria and commonly carried by mosquitoes] and kept it up for months. I did not do another day's work until hay time in the fall. I was so reduced that I could not walk. Father was not able to do much. I thought it was a hard way to make a start in life; however, I was not

discouraged. I went to work again as soon as I could. We had no stores to go to then to get our clothes but we kept our own sheep in that country and our women cleaned and carded the wool or sent it to a carding machine 30 or 40 miles off and spun it on hand wheels and wove or had them woven into cloth. The women then made the clothes for both the men and the women, enough for do until another year. But they did not put 12 or 14 yards into a dress then as they do now. Yet I think they looked as well and as comfortable in their home spun dresses as ladies do nowadays with all their **flubduby** of style and fashion. Running into a department store was not much in fashion then.

Our first child, a son, was born 31 Dec 1841 in Warwick, Kent County, Canada West. We named him Robert Rierson. Our next child was a daughter born 13 Feb 1843 in the same place. We called her Mary Jane. Our next was a daughter [Margaret] born 11 Sept 1844 the same place.

Here I wish to draw the attention of whoever may copy this book to a mistake I made in writing one part or the substance of it over twice, which will be found on page 11 and other pages connected and also on page 25 speaking of my Baptism. The reason this mistake was made was that I commenced to write on sheets of "foolscap" paper and wrote 9 pages. Then I commenced to write in this book commencing on page 25 leaving room on the front for the 9 pages, copying after I wrote some that I had written before. And I find other dates of the children's ages not in the right place. I wish this all read and corrected when re written.

In the beginning of January 1845, in company with a few Saints, I went about one mile and a half into the woods in the Township of Brook to a stream called Brown's Creek and there we cut a hole in the ice. I think about two feet thick and was there baptized by my brother William who had



been ordained an Elder and was confirmed by another Elder named Samuel Bolton and my brother by the water's edge. That was the happiest day of my life up to that date I cannot describe myself, but I felt as humble as a child and felt thankful that I had lived to have my sins remitted and received the Holy Ghost.

Being winter time there was but little work done by me for I wanted to spend all my time reading the Scriptures and the Book of Mormon and other Mormon works and almost prayed without ceasing. I had read the Old and New Testament a good deal before. But what I was reading was all new now. I had no trouble in believing the Book of Mormon for I had a burning Testimony in my bosom every time I took the book and after reading it for some time, I came to the part where the Lord made the promise of this very testimony in the Book of Doctrine & Covenants. Where was the room for doubt? Everything was so plain to me I thought I had nothing to do but run and tell my neighbors and they would believe it all. But what a mistake I made. With few exceptions I found it was casting pearls before swine.

Shortly after I joined the Church my brother Archibald next oldest to me who lived eight miles away came to see us and attend a Church meeting. He seemed to be ripe for the Gospel and was ready for the water with reasonable investigation and an honest heart. Shortly after he was baptized and shortly after, he and I were ordained Elders in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

ROBERT'S MOTHER'S BAPTISM

Mother was a Methodist but never fought against the Gospel and believed it right along. After a while, she was taken very sick and was not expected to live. She wished to be baptized. Our neighbors said if we put her in the water they would have us tried for murder for she would surely die. But we put her on a sled and hauled her two miles through the snow, cut a hole in the ice and baptized her in the presence of as many as came to see her die. One man declared if she did not die that night he would be a Mormon the next day. But next day he met her near the same place he made the statement. She was on foot going to her daughter's. He looked at her, gave her the nod, gazed at her as if he had seen a ghost but never spoke to her nor ever joined the Church.

When we took her home from after the baptism we took her out of the blankets and her wet clothes and put her to bed. She was quite well.

The next day my only sister Mary and her husband Roger Luckham joined the Church. Our family had now all joined the Church but father. He was the first one in the family that believed and swore that it was the only true Church on the earth and that he had believed that doctrine for forty years. When any one came in to oppose the Church he would swear at them, for he would swear some times. He had never joined any religion. He believed in being honest and doing right.

We had a Branch organized with about 25 members. My oldest brother William was the Presiding Elder and Clerk of the Branch. But the mice got to his record book and destroyed it causing many to lose the dates of their first baptism.

VISIT TO NAUVOO

As soon as I embraced the Gospel I had a strong desire to go to Nauvoo to see the Apostles and the Saints in their gathering place. Nauvoo was a distance of about five hundred miles. In company with a young man named James Park we left Canada I think about the first of June 1845. We traveled about 30 miles on foot to Port Sarnia. There we took a steamboat to Chicago. [Traveled north on Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinac and then south on Lake Michigan to Chicago.] Then we traveled on foot to Nauvoo a distance of 160 miles [actually over 270 miles]. We made the trip in 2 weeks. My mother and my wife made me a lot of crackers and I put them in a 2 bushel sack. When I traveled on foot I packed them on my back and they lasted me to Nauvoo. The sack was not completely full either, but it was a pretty good day for crackers, better than it was for money. I only had enough to pay my steamboat ride fare and enough to pay 6 cents a night for a bed and all the rest was crackers. I think I had 5 dollars in all to make the round trip to Nauvoo and back to Canada. I

did not do this because I was poor or stingy but because money was scarce then and I was determined to see the headquarters of the Saints.

When we reached Nauvoo there was not a soul that I knew, and unlike other towns we could not find a tavern or a house of entertainment to stay the night. We traveled around until after bed time. Finally, we got the privilege of sleeping on a man's carpeted floor. We were very thankful and were not the least bit discouraged.

Brother Park, having been there once before, found a place and remained in Nauvoo. However, I only came to stay a couple of weeks and then to return to my family.

I looked around the Temple, which was under erection. Then I got a little acquainted with Archibald N. Hill, who was working at the hosting winch. He kindly invited me to come and sleep with his children on the trundle bed, and get something to eat. I accepted the trundle bed, but could not have the heart to do much eating, for I soon found out that the Saints in Nauvoo were very poor, and were spending most of their time on the Temple without pay, and I did not have money to pay for boarding with them, but by getting a place to sleep and buying a 3 cent loaf of bread at the bakery each day I got along first rate.

I traveled round the town a good deal, and some in the country, made some acquaintances, heard some of the Apostles preach, and learned a little of how the Kingdom of God was built up.

I began to get very much attached to the people. I had a chat with President Young. I stayed 2 weeks and then started back for Canada. However, my 2 bushel sack was empty this time, but I had a little faith and a very little money. When I got outside of Nauvoo, I turned and looked back and wept, for my heart was with the saints and I said "I will soon see you again." I started again for Chicago, 160 miles [270 miles] on foot alone this time. I well recollect when I used to get lonesome crossing the wide prairies, very thinly settled then. I used to sit down and rest and sing the Hymn "Hail to the Prophet Ascended to Heaven, Traitors and Tyrants Now Fight Him in Vain...", then get up and go on my way rejoicing.

When I reached Chicago I had neither begged nor stolen but my money was all gone. Then I boarded all the steamboats in the harbor to get a chance to work my passage down the Lakes. But all refused me until I reached the last one. I began to feel like praying in right good earnest then. I do not recollect now whether my faith was failing or getting stronger, but I knew that was the last chance, so the Captain when asked said; "Yes, come on in the morning and pack wood with the Negros." So I had another time of rejoicing. So the morning came and the Negroes came with 2 sticks to pack the wood on.

However, he was so much larger than me that he had to get the longest ends of the sticks and piled the wood against my arms. When he got tired, another Negro would come and change with him. But this poor Mormon had no change. I soon made friends on the boat and got along fine. But this boat took me one hundred miles past where I wanted to land. So I had to turn my face and hands to [the Lord] again to get back and was blessed again and got home all right. I was welcomed home by my family and friends and the Branch. I was only gone from home 6 weeks and would not take a big sum for the experience I got on that trip.

I will here say that when Saints come from the world to Zion they must not expect to get right into Abraham's bosom nor Sarah's either. For if they do, they will be disappointed, for poor Abraham and Sarah had to work out their salvation as strangers in a strange land. Jesus said; "If ye are the children of Abraham you must do the works of Abraham."

I believe the experience I gained while at Nauvoo, though only two weeks, was of use to the Branch as well as to myself. There were some who had more enthusiasm than wisdom. They thought if they could only make their way to Nauvoo their troubles would be over and had an idea that they could go from house to house and eat their bread with singleness of heart as Saints did in old times. But the little time I was in Nauvoo I saw that the Saints were very poor and were spending their time and means in building a large and costly Temple working by day and watching the mob by night.

They had need to be helped rather than to help those who were gathering in from their homes, who had not come through the mobbing and hardship that the Nauvoo Saints had come through.

I found it did not take much reasoning to convince the Saints of this fact and see the necessity of making the best use of their time and means they could and be self-sustaining at least and prepare to gather with the Saints as soon as possible and help to build up the Kingdom of God. I found the teachings were received by the Saints in the same Spirit it was given. And not given any too soon.

EXODUS FROM CANADA

For in the following winter [1846] a brother by the name of John A. Smith was sent from Nauvoo to our Branch to tell us that the Saints were driven from Nauvoo by a mob. They would leave that winter for the Rocky Mountains. And if we wanted to travel with them, there was no time to lose. The Branch received the message with thankful hearts and all went to work to dispose of their property the best they could, and fitted themselves out with teams and wagons and tents and other things for the 1600 mile journey. Property at this time was very low in price. My father and I sold our farm consisting of 100 acres; fifty of it cleared off and farmed, fifty under timber with a good frame barn of 60 by 30 feet covered with walnut boards and pine shingles with a 60 foot shade frame and a good log house, all for 500 dollars.

All who were going with ox teams started sometime in the winter. I think the entire Branch started but my father, my oldest brother William, and me and our families. We were ready to go when the rest went, but my brother Archibald had a good deal of property in the shape of grist and saw mills which could not easily be disposed of. Also he had taken a contract in company with 4 or 5 other men to get out a certain number of Oak Staves for a man named Garish. The season not being favorable for rafting, they failed to get them out in time. So my brother offered to lose all he had done if he would let him off. But he would not do it, and sent the Sheriff with a mob after him because Archie, my brother, was a Mormon. But he was too smart for them. A friend told him they were after him, so he started that night and traveled 40 miles that night on foot. By sunrise the next morning he was on the Canadian shore of the St. Clair River at the foot of Lake Huron. This river divides Canada and the United States. The river was one mile wide and had been frozen over but was breaking up. There was a narrow space near the American side that was open and the ice was running, but there was no fear or backing down with him, although it looked scary. He had faith and he started on the ice for the open water where there was some loose ice running. But just as he got to the water's edge a large cake of ice came down the river and stuck fast. He jumped on the board of ice cake and ran to the solid ice on the other side. When the men in the Town of Black River saw that he was making for them, they ran to him with poles, fence rails, and boards to try and save him, but he got to solid ice before they reached him. He turned and looked to the Canadian shore and saw the Sheriff and his posse on the bank so he bade them goodbye and started for Nauvoo.

Page 28-31 – Archibald's description of his "escape" from Canada.

Went across the St. Clair River about 3 miles from its outflow from Lake Huron, at Port Sarnia. I walked to Detroit and took the train across Michigan going to Kalamazoo, MI. I took a boat to Peru and down to Bryant's Landing and then walked to Carthage, IL, then on to Nauvoo where John Borrowman and I found the city deserted. I then started back via St. Louis, MO to meet the "folks"...

This was the cause of us staying behind. Father and I had to settle up his business and fit out [outfit] his family and start them with the ox teams. When the ox company started I went to the before mentioned river [St. Clair] to help them cross. Then the same posse came again and attached all the teams to get my brother's property. But no one would tell them which ones were his. When they could not find out then, they tried to get me to compromise. I talked with them awhile more to find out what hold they had on Archibald's property and I began to find out they were working at a big scare and they thought they had nearly pulled it off. They said they would go and get out papers for me to sign

and when I signed them they would let the teams go. I told them I would look at their papers after they got them up. While they were arranging to get their papers, a good many of the men and boys of the town turned out and threw down the fence where our teams and wagons had been corralled and told us to drive them out - which was soon done. I got my brother's teams out first and put them on the boat before they got back. They were nearly over the river and the rest of the company soon followed. They wanted me to go and sign their papers, but I said I must see the company over first, which I did. They were very obliging and the teams all got over the river to Michigan. I thought it was not a very good time to scare. So I went with them to see the papers they had prepared. So I looked them over. They had the pen filed with ink already for me to sign that I would pay all the demands they had against my brother Archibald. I quickly told them I guessed not. About that time it was easy to see where the scare came in. They were a very mad set of men. But I was quite cool for the teams were all over the river.

A little before sundown I started for Port Sarnia - that was the name of the town where we had the fuss. I started home on horseback. It was about 30 miles through timber nearly all the way. A little after dark in the thick pine woods a posse overtook me. Then some big talk commenced but they found out that I did not scare worth a cent. So after a while they passed ahead of me and I was very glad though they never knew I was scared, for if they had they would have been apt to have stayed longer with me. Well this worry was past, but I knew my troubles were not ended for I had much business to tend to right where this crowd was watching me all the time. There was no time to wait so I put my trust in the Lord and went right along with my business.

After getting the business nearly wound up, my father and I went up to London, a town 30 miles off, to pay for our place. We got our money and put up at a tavern that night. I could not sleep, the dogs kept barking all night, but that was nothing strange in a large town. I got up and looked out the window. I spoke to father who slept in another bed in the same room. He said he could sleep. After a while I fell asleep and dreamed I saw 2 personages sitting in front of my bed seemingly talking over my situation. One said to the other; "I sense he is in great danger." The other replied; "No, if he will be aware of the Doctrine and Commandants of men." When I woke up I felt better. I thought I would watch their sayings closely. The next day we wound up our business and started home walking 9 miles that day and put up at a tavern. After dark we went into a store to do some trading. It was raining hard and the outer door was open. I happened to look that way and saw a strange face from outside looking at me. I did not like it, though nearly everyone in town was a stranger to me. What had happen the night before still ran in my mind. After a while 2 men came in. I did not like their looks, but after a while they stepped up and told me I was their prisoner. They took me to the tavern, took me into the back room, locked the doors, fastened the windows, and loaded their pistols good and laid them on the table.

I was tired and vexed thinking of being delayed from starting on our westward journey. After a while one went to sleep in his chair, the other came and lay down with his legs right across me. I was sadly tempted to draw my legs and kick him in the stomach for I could have knocked the last breath out of him and seized his pistols before the other could wake up. After I studied the matter over, if I had been alone in Canada this is what I would have done, but my father was with me in the tavern and we had all our families to move. So I bore it till morning. Then they made me walk back 9 miles to London on foot through deep mud without any breakfast. They ordered me into jail. However, an old friend of my father's met me there and asked what the matter was. I told him. He was a lawyer and he said to them; "Leave this man here until I examine your papers. I will be responsible for him." He found they had the old papers from Port Sarnia without my name to them. He came back and told me to go home and when the court sat, if they brought the case up, he would defend me. For he was satisfied they would do nothing more about it. Still if they took some turn he was not aware of and lost the case he wanted me to promise, if he wrote to me, that I would pay him the money, for he would not like to lose it. I said I would be glad to do so if I knew where we were going and was sure I could send it. But then I did not know where we were going to be. I did not know if they would be in

communication with the rest of mankind or not. He had been so kind I did not want to deceive him. So he said; "If I had any notes not collected to leave them, so he could get them." So he took my word for it and let me go. I left the notes with James Porter Sarnaforkim. When I went on a mission to Canada 10 years later I got the money from him. The money belonged to my Brother Archie.

I will here say when I was in Nauvoo visiting I received a Patriarchal blessing [See Page 75] from William Smith. He told me that in time of trouble I would meet with a friend. If I had not met with this man or some other friend I would have gone to jail and lain there nine months before the court sat. This friend's name was John Wilson, a Scotchman, and if I find out that he died before I die I will do the work for him in the Temple. If I die first I want some of my sons to attend to it. He lived in London, Canada West, London, District. This being done, I started home 30 miles on foot, for father had taken the team and gone home. We soon got ready and started west sometime early in March [1846]. We went with horse teams. It was a terrible wet time with mud every place.

Page 32 – Leaving Canada

My father and brother Robert had remained to settle up my affairs and help get my oxen, wagons, and family out of Canada. Robert very narrowly escaped a nine-month incarceration in jail on a trumped up charge. An old Scot friend of father's, John Wilson of London, Canada West, came along just in the nick of time. He was a lawyer and promised to stand sponsor for Robert and answer to their charges in court. Robert left some of my notes with him and when Robert went on a mission to Canada ten years later he received the money collected from them.

Page 33 – Leaving Canada - from Jane Gardner Bradford's diary:

We left our home in Canada together with the Saints on the last day of March 1846 [31 Mar 1846]. The second day of our journey our horses ran away. They smashed things up nearly frightening us to death, but fortunately no one was injured. It took us a month to get to Nauvoo. We crossed the Mississippi the first day of May [1 May 1846] and camped on the bluffs on the west bank. There Brother John had the measles. Remained here two or three weeks and then camped near a town called Bonaparte. Here I had the measles. During the week we tarried, we finished buying our outfits. The journey across the state of Iowa was slow and trying and made under great difficulties. Remaining at Council Bluffs until after the Mormon Battalion were on their way to Mexico, we with many others crossed the Missouri River. When father maneuvered his team and wagon onto the ferryboat, one yoke of wild steers jumped into the river with the yoke still holding them together and started back. One steer swam faster than the other and they circled round and round, all the time getting nearer the middle of the stream. Then father, without taking off his boots or clothing, plunged into the river after the animals, and grasping the tail of the fastest swimmer, held him back. This headed them toward the shore and so they were saved. We camped on a high hill for several weeks... shortly we moved down on a kind of flat and spent the winter. So the place got the name Winter Quarters.

We traveled across Michigan. We took the nearest route we could for Nauvoo. We were met by my brother Archie and John Borrowman, the Elder that established our Branch. He now lives at Salt Creek [Nephi, Utah]. They met us at Ottawa on the Fox River, LaSalle County, Illinois. By this time the weather was fine and the roads were good. We over-took the ox teams a few days before we got to Nauvoo. We got to Nauvoo on the 6 day of April [1846].

FAMILY ARRIVES IN NAUVOO

Orson Hyde Presided there then. It was either the 1st or 6th, I am not sure which, but I was at the conference on the 6th. We stayed in Nauvoo for a few days and bought our fitouts [outfits] for the mountains. We brought flour and parched corn meal and such things and seed as we would need on the way and after we got to our resting place. That was a good place to camp for the Saints had nearly all left that were able and their houses were standing empty. If unsold, we could have either brick, frame, log or stone houses with chairs and bedsteads. I don't know but by looking we might have found cook stoves, for the people were driven away and what they could not sell nor take with them they had to leave for they had few teams and had to load them with provisions. We had no time nor desire to stay there longer than to get our fit out [outfit].

FAMILY LEAVES NAUVOO AND HORSE TRADING

We crossed the Mississippi River, passed Montrose and went to the Bluffs a few miles north of Montrose and camped. I then went up in Town trying to trade my horses for oxen. I found oxen had been bought up and were hard to find. I had one Canadian horse that was very bad with the heaves but I was told the heaves would soon leave them in the west. I came across a man one day of whom I inquired if he had any oxen to trade me for that horse. He said no but he had a fine mare he would give me for him. I went to see her, but rode my horse very slowly lest he would begin to heave. His mare was a very fine one, but I had to give him 14 dollars to boot. I did not want to stay long lest Pat would begin to heave. So I got on my mare and thought I had made a great deal, I rode about 2 miles and passed another man, he asked me if I had bought that mare. I said yes wasn't she a fine one. He said yes, but she was stone blind. That took me down a notch. But I did not go back for old Pat. I had been fooled but there might be some more fools out on my track. So I went on. Shortly I met a man with a fine team and a fine buggy. He was well dressed with everything gay. I thought he was a preacher a Judge or a lawyer or someone smart. So he stopped me, for he had got his eyes on my mare, and I had mine on his horse. He bantered for a trade. He said his horse had no fault but too much life, and what was the character of mine? I told him, he must be his own Judge for I had just got her. So he took out his spectacles and examined her closely and pronounced her good. So he took off his harness and I took off my saddle and we were both soon off the trading grounds.

After that, I traded that horse for one yoke of oxen and bought another yoke of oxen and one cow and went back to camp. We there rigged up our ox teams in place of horses and started west. We traveled about 12 miles and camped for the night. Here my son William was born [22 May 1846] in my wagon. It rained so hard all night that the water was up to our boot tops around our wagons. This was in Lee County, Iowa. Next morning we fixed up my wife and her baby as comfortable as possible and started on, for the company from Nauvoo was ahead of us.

Next we loaded in more flour at Bonaparte, Iowa for we had strengthened our teams and we were pushing on for the Missouri River expecting to overtake the main camp of Saints there. By this time our company had got the name of the Canada Company for we traveled pretty near together.

There was John Park, William Park, David Park, and their families, James Hamilton and family, James Kilfyal and family, Samuel Bolton and daughter, James Craig, John Borrowman, George Corry, and family, Andrew Corry and family, Brother Johnner and family, my Brother William and his family, Archibald and his family, my father and mother and myself and family, and John Smith & family.

Iowa was a new and thinly settled territory and many of the Saints, being poor and not having teams sufficient to travel, were counseled to stop where the land was not taken up and put in crops until they could care for themselves. They had settled in a place called Garden Grove, one called Mount Pisgah and other places. Some of our camp began to drop off at these places and the rest went on. We overtook what was known as Orson Hyde's camp near Mosquito Creek, Iowa close by the Missouri River.

CALL OF THE MORMON BATTALION - 26 June 1846

Here I began to see some of the suffering of the Saints. The first night we came to Hyde's camp, there came up a terrible rain storm with terrible thunder and wind. The next morning it was painful to see the Saints with their tents blown down and wagon covers torn off soaked in the rain. I went to one place where their tent had been and found a woman sitting on the ground with a young baby. Both were shaking with the ague [Malaria]. A number of larger children were sitting around her in their wet clothes shaking with the same disease. No one was able to help the next. I asked the woman where her husband was. She said her husband was called off to go to Mexico to fight for Uncle Sam with the Mormon Battalion [the United States Government]. The United States Government had driven us to the wilderness to endure these sufferings. I tried to gather up her tent but I could not, it was worn out and torn to pieces. They had been driven from Nauvoo in the dead of

winter in the depth of poverty and had traveled through deep snow. The men having to leave part of their family by the way and travel perhaps for a week then leave that part and go back for the rest with the same team until both they and nearly every team they had was worn out. Many died by the way from hardship.

We next traveled on a few miles to the main camp at the liberty pole on Mosquito Creek, Iowa where President Young and Council were making up the rest of the 500 men of the Mormon Battalion to go to Mexico. The 500 men were soon raised and started off leaving their families in wagons, and tents where they had them. Some were without either a wagon or tent, and we were in the middle of Indian country. The situation made me feel like asking: "Liberty and freedom where hast thou fled?" for this demand was made of us by the United States Government which boasted to be the Nation of Freedom. This demand was made as a trap, thinking we would not comply, and then they could slay us as traitors. That was what was wanted. They were very much disappointed when President Young raised the Company.

The next thing we did was to cross the Missouri River. The first companies had built a boat. When my Brother William got his team and wagon on the boat, one yoke of wild steers jumped into the river with the yoke on and turned to come back to shore. He jumped into the river and caught the steer's tails and headed them around and forced them to swim to the other side by their tails.

We then traveled about a half a day to camping ground near a grove of timbers, a place called Cutler's Park [Nebraska]. The season was now far spent and so many of our best young men had gone to Mexico, that President Young thought it best to go no further this fall. He proposed finding winter quarters, cutting hay for our livestock and starting on early the next spring.

ARRIVAL AT WINTER QUARTERS

A town site was selected down near the river, called Winter Quarters [Omaha, Nebraska]. Streets, blocks, and lots were laid out and given out to the people. In a few days a town of houses was in sight. Large bodies of hay were cut. Stacks of hay were taken to hard and high ground. A large log meeting house was built and a good grist mill was built to grind the corn and wheat the people had brought with them. Houses and wood had to be provided for the families of those who had gone with the Mormon Battalion. A meat market was erected. Several Blacksmith Shops, Shoe Shops, Chair Makers, and nearly every kind of work sites were erected since people were going to stay there for several years. Men that could work had to work nearly night and day, for many of the older men had acquired a disease called the Black Leg [Scurvy caused by lack of Vitamin C] and were entirely helpless. Many died with it. The legs of those who survived would get as black as coal from the knees down. My father and oldest brother and brother-in-law, my brother's only boy big enough to help him, all had it. This left the work of five families on Archie and me. Many an evening I visited the families of men who had gone with the Battalion. In time of snow storms I had found them in open log houses without any chinking [chinking fills the space between the logs]. It snowed as fast inside the house as it did outside. They had nothing but green cottonwood to burn. I would go and get them some dry wood and help them all I could. It was just hard times. There was no one there to blame for men were so scarce and so many were sick. While helping out I also had to go and help the Sextant to bury the dead. Yet the authorities kept up their meetings and now and then they would have a dance to keep up the spirits of the people.

Page 36 - AT WINTER QUARTERS

My brother Robert, James Craig, and I took a contract to get out mill timber which we did with the approbation of the Church Presidency. Robert did the hewing of same with a beveled axe. President Young paid us in goods at St. Louis [Missouri] prices, and the balance in cash to the last cent. He let us change a hundred dollar bill and take our pay out of it, leaving it in our hands for three weeks. When I went with it, Rockwell said we might keep it until called for. Late September or early October 1846 – winter had come and we commenced to build houses.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S "PIONEER" COMPANY LEAVES FOR THE SALT LAKE VALLEY

On account of having to stay there that winter we used up our provisions. Many had to go to Missouri to work and trade for provisions and seed to take with them across the plains for it was the intention to start west early in the spring. The First Presidency and the 12 thought it would be best to start a small company of "pioneers" ahead of the general company to look out for a location and try to get some crops started. So they with others started about the 5th of April, this was in the spring of 1847. Their company consisted of 143 men, 3 women, and 2 boys. They hunted on their way and made roads to the Salt Lake Valley, a distance of 1,030 (one thousand and thirty miles) through Indian country, and endured a great deal of hardship. There were no houses or settlements in all this distance except for one government Fort at Laramie, about half way to this place. A mountaineer named Jim Bridger had a place over 100 miles from the Valley. Bridger offered President Young one thousand dollars in money for the first ear of corn he could raise in Salt Lake Valley. This was rather discouraging but had no effect on Brigham Young or his brethren for they knew that God was leading Israel. So they went on and reached Salt Lake Valley on the 24 day of July 1847. The day has been celebrated ever since.

They located Salt Lake City and raised the American Flag on Ensign Peak, a round hill on the mountains north of the City and took possession of the Country in the name of the United States. For that part of the country then belonged to Mexico. But the United States was then at war with Mexico.

They then planted corn and potatoes and other seeds. They surveyed the City, left a company to build houses and started back for Winter Quarters. While this was going on, the Saints on the Missouri River, for there were many camps there besides at Winter Quarters, were preparing all who could to follow the original pioneers. The brethren counseled those who were not able to come to the Salt Lake Valley right away to put in crops and sustain themselves until they could come to the Valley.

Elders John Taylor and Parley P. Pratt arrived in Winter Quarters from their missions to England while the Saints were getting ready to start. We traveled with them across the plains. Most of the companies left Winter Quarters and other places early in June went to the Elkhorn River, I think, about 20 miles from Winter Quarters, and organized near there on the Platte River at Liberty Pole Camp and started on the 15th of June 1847.

I will here go back to our stay in Winter Quarters. My brother [Archibald], James Craig, one of the pioneers and I got out the timber for the grist mill. I did the hewing with the beveled axe. While doing so I was taken with the fever and ague [Malaria], but thought I would not give up, but I had to. One day I went home and went to bed and was crazy all day. When my brother [Archibald] and James Craig came home I got them to administer to me. Next morning I was well and at work by daylight and kept so until we got to the Elkhorn River. We had to cross the river on a raft made of logs and pulled across by a rope by men's strength. We decided to try ox strength in place of men which proved to be a success. My wagon was the first tried with oxen. Because of lack of experience the team started before the wagon was blocked or balanced. Being too near the hind end of the raft and the rope being hitched to the front end raised the front up and my wagon and family and all I had began to roll back into the river. I caught the hind wheel and held it until we were across the river, but the raft was nearly on end, but God helped me and we were saved.

The next day the rope broke that pulled the raft. I had to swim into the river twice to get it tied and kept ferrying in my wet clothes which gave me the fever and ague again. It stuck with me half way over the plains.

GARDNER FAMILY BEGINS PIONEER TREK TO SALT LAKE VALLEY

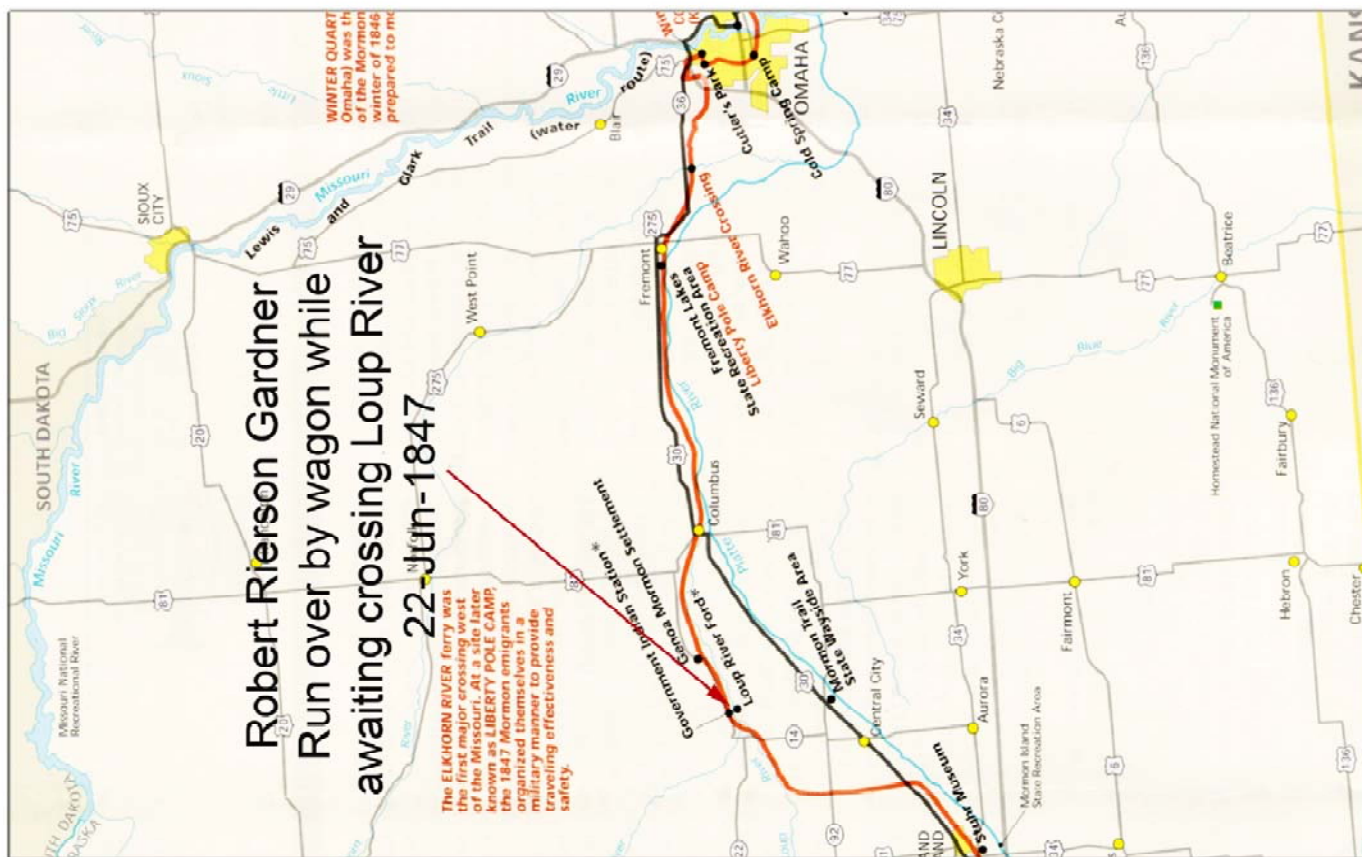
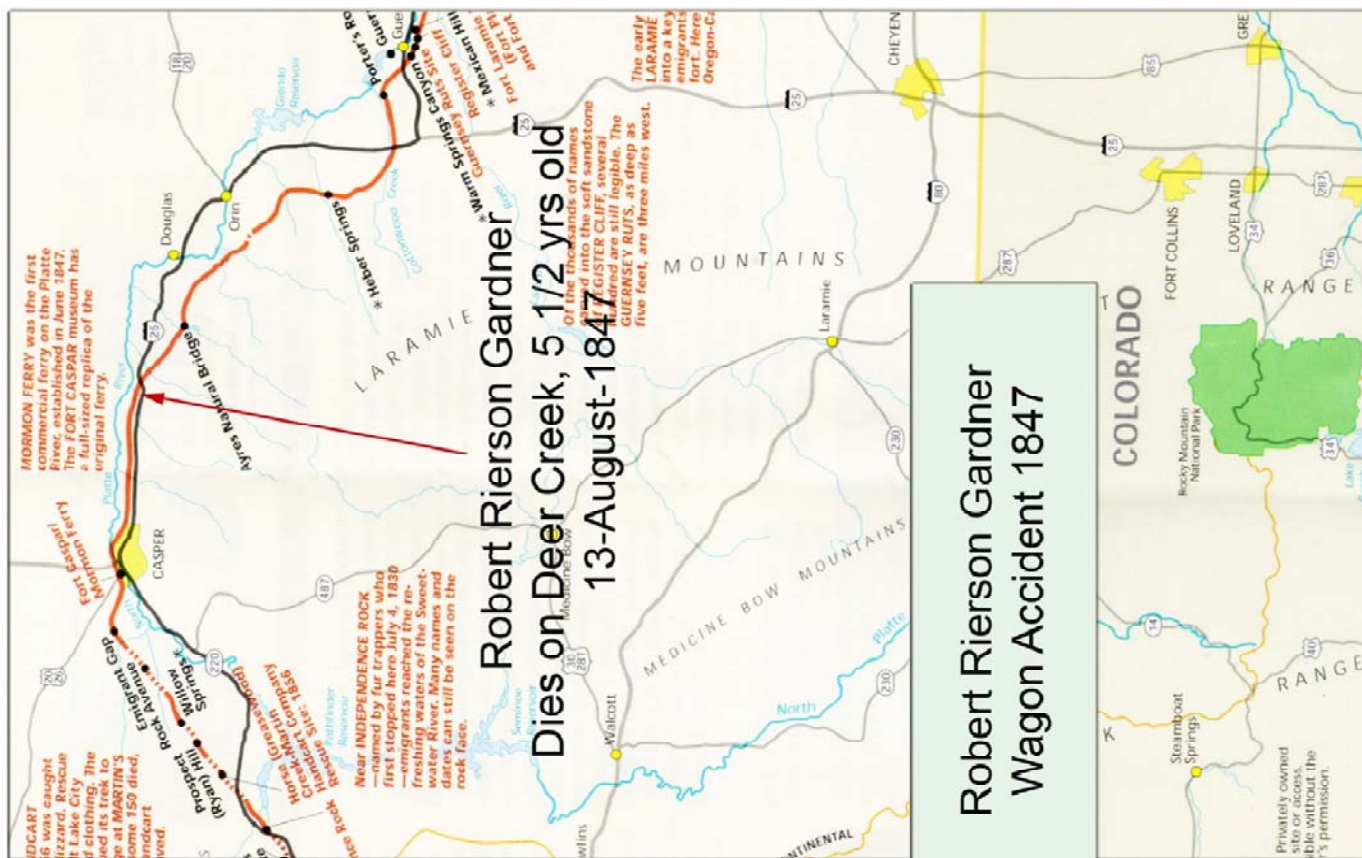
At the organization before named we were placed under Captains of hundreds and fifties and tens. *[Our Company was the Edward Hunter – Joseph Horne Company – also known as the John Taylor Company [See Table 3]. The Company had 198 people, including Robert Gardner and wife Jane McKeown and their 4 children, father Robert and mother Margaret Callender Gardner, brother William, brother Archibald and wife Margaret Livingston and their 2 children, his Sister Mary Luckham and her husband Roger and their child along with 2 children from her first husband George Sweeten, [18 of the Gardner family in all] departed for Salt Lake Valley from Elkhorn River about 20 miles west of Winter Quarters, Nebraska on 17 June 1847].* Elder John Taylor, then one of the Twelve and now the President of the Church traveled, in our company.

Our travel was all smooth until we got about one hundred miles to a place called Pawnee Village where the train stopped to fix a bridge. [Likely crossing the Loup River where there was a Government Indian Station – about 22 June 1847. See Map Page 22] a deserted Indian town I was several teams back and started on to help. I had gone but a few steps when my nigh [left] wheel leader oxen turned off the road to pick green grass. My oldest boy, Robert Rierson, being in the wagon and being very careful, stepped down off the tongue of the wagon to stand at the oxen's head until I could come back. In doing so the nigh wheeler [oxen] kicked him, throwing him under the wagon wheel. Then the oxen started the wagon moving. Both nigh wheels ran over his bowels. I was near enough to see it all but couldn't get to him in time to save him. We laid him in the wagon and started on. That afternoon he got out of the wagon and ran-along and played to show me that he was not much hurt and to try to make us feel better. But he soon got into the wagon and never got out again without help. He lived until we traveled several hundred miles and died [13 August 1847 – about 52 days after being run over by the wagon wheels] on Deer Creek, Wyoming near the North Platte River. [Deer Creek is just west of Glenrock, Wyoming – A distance of about 500 miles from where Robert Rierson was run over by the wagon wheels. See Map Page 22] He seemed to get worse every day; he was hurt in his kidneys and suffered fifty deaths. He lived until there was nothing left but the skin and bones. I had to drive my team all day and sit and hold him all night during over five hundred miles of traveling and see him suffer all the time. My wife did all she could, but she had 3 other children, who were very small to attend to, who were sick part of the time. I was shaking with the ague every other day. My relatives did all they could do for me and so did all my friends. Everyone had their hands full. We buried him on the bank of the North Platte River. He was about five years and a half old. The following season, when my brother William passed that way he had to rebury his bones because wolves had broken into his grave.

Page 39 - STORY OF ROBERT RIERSON GARDNER – ROBERT'S SON

The next year his Uncle William and Cousin John journeyed back to the Missouri River. When they came to the place on the [North] Platte [River] where little Robert [Rierson] had been buried, they found that the wolves had uncovered the grave and his bones were scattered about. The sight was too much for kind-hearted John. He wept and wailed and tore his hair. They tenderly gathered up the bones, reinterned them and sadly journeyed on.

By this time I had lost 2 of my best oxen and replaced them with un-broken cows. My next heavy trouble happened near Fort Bridger, about one hundred miles from the Salt Lake Valley. Here my only boy left (named William now on a mission in New Zealand) fell out of the wagon while it was moving and the same 2 wheels that ran over Robert ran over him, over his 2 ankles. He was the youngest baby. I picked him up and the Elders came and administered to him and he was all right in a few days. My wagon was heavily loaded with 3 yoke of oxen; I saw the wheels go over both his ankles, no mistake about it. Afterwards, I threw some large buffalo bones under the same wheels and they were crushed to powder.



ARRIVED IN SALT LAKE VALLEY

With many other difficulties we made our way over the rivers through the canyons and over the mountains and reached Salt Lake Valley at the mouth of Emigration Canyon on Oct the 1st 1847. My wagon was badly broken, my teams nearly given out and I was given out. We looked over the valley. There was not a house to be seen or anything to make one of, but we were glad to see a resting place and felt to thank God for the sight.

We then drove down to the camping place called the Old Fort [Pioneer Park, near downtown Salt Lake City, Utah], now in the lower part of Salt Lake City. I unyoked my oxen and sat down on my broken wagon tongue, and said I could not go another day's journey. The rest of our family was nearly as bad off as me but not quite, for they did not have as much sickness in their families as I had. That was a happy day for us all for we knew that this was a place where we could worship God according to the dictations of our conscience and mob would not come, at least for a while.

The families that belonged to the Canada Company that reached there at that time were John, William and David Park and families, George Corry and family, Roger Luckham and family, my father and mother, William, Archibald and me and my family. Roger Luckham's wife was my sister Mary Gardner. James Craig came with the pioneers [Brigham Young's Company] and John Borrowman went with the Mormon Battalion and came to the valley by way of California. The rest of the company stayed back until they got ready by getting teams and fit out [outfit]. Some stayed back and apostatized.

My brother Archie and I soon went to work at building a sawmill at Warm Springs, 2 miles north of the now Salt Lake City, but this proved a failure. We had been used to running mills in Canada with streams with large flows and a low head, with just a few feet of fall; say from 2 to 8 feet. We thought where we had from 25 to 80 feet of fall, a very small flow would do. But we had too little flow there and we could not make lumber.

Page 42 & 43 – EXPLANATION OF HOW THEY MADE THE FIRST SAWMILL & GRIST MILL

I had only two wagons crossing the plains and broke one of them up to make the crank and other irons for a saw mill which was set up at Warm Springs that fall. The flume for it was a log hollowed out.

They moved to Mill Creek in the spring and a sawmill was constructed which was a "muley" type sawmill (the type with an up-and-down saw) and was operated by an overshot wheel. The mill was built without nails. Wooden pins and mortises were used instead. All shafts, bearings, cog wheels, etc., were made of wood, our mountain maple. Here we turned out the first lumber sawed in Utah.

We next erected the second flour mill in Utah, 1849; Brother John Neff's being first. The machinery for Neff's mill had been brought with the first company of Pioneers. For this mill we located on Mill Creek about two miles below Neff's we had burr stones cut out of our mountain rock....we ground coarse or fine flour and did good work.

This first winter was a very fine, with mild weather with hardly any snow in the Valley and very little in the mountains, no rain, and we had sunshine all the winter. My father, Archie and I sowed six acres of wheat and moved camp six miles south of Salt Lake City on Mill Creek. We moved our sawmill and rebuilt it on the Mill Creek stream and commenced to make lumber and build houses. We set up farms there. By this time provisions were getting very scarce and we were anxious to get in an early crop. Not being acquainted with the nature of the country we thought it a good time to plant all our garden seeds right after a heavy rain right in the mud in clay land. They never came up and part of our corn we treated the same and it did the same. Some of our corn we planted in a better time and that came up!

The land was covered with black crickets and they picked it off as fast as it came up. This looked very discouraging one thousand miles from any supplies. Our provisions fell short on account of taking in one of the pioneers whom we found without any provisions. So we fell from half rations to quarter rations, helped out with weeds and what I could shoot with my gun; hawks, crows, snipes, ducks, cranes, wolves, thistle roots and rawhide. I had no cow for I had to kill the only one I had the

fall before and had no milk. I took the dry hide of my cow and scalded it and boiled it and ate it, and believe me this was tuff.

I have known my wife Jane to pick wild onions and violets when they first came up on the hillsides for hours at a time, boil them and thicken them with a rich gravy made of two spoonfuls of corn meal. What would lay on a small plate of this would make a meal or dinner for my wife and I and our 3 children. We were blessed in one thing, our children never cried for bread. That was a thing I often dreaded lest a time might come when my children might cry for bread and we might have none to give them. All were quite contented and we enjoyed good health.

ADVENTURE WITH BEAR IN MILL CREEK CANYON

At last when everything in the shape of eatables were about to come to an end I took my rifle, pistols, and Bowie knife [a Bowie knife is a sheath knife like a deer hunting knife of today] and hatchet and started for the mountains. I left what little there was for the family and I went to Mill Creek Canyon, an unexplored place. I found no road to follow, only bear trails. After traveling some distance and keeping a close watch, my eye caught sight of the face of a bear looking at me from behind a low bushy pine tree. Me being a stranger to him I thought he might feel friendly towards me and come and meet me, which I wanted him to do. I wanted him close so I could make a dead shot. Under other circumstances I might not have been as anxious for his friendship, but I thought of my hungry children at home. I could trust my life on my rifle, but did not wish to make a random shot at his nose or hind legs. However, he did not wish to entertain strangers and left in a hurry. I was brave then. Seeing him run I took after him. But we never met again. I followed up the mountain about a quarter [mile] and there for the first time in my life, when I was in good health I found out that I was given out. Likely because of weakness for want of food, I could go no further and concluded I was in a poor fix to hunt bear. So I started to come back, but could not walk over 10 steps until I had to stop and rest and shake all over with pure weakness. So, I made my way back home the best I could without my bear.

I discovered plenty of pine timber in the canyon and I never could learn that it ever had been seen before by white men.

Now, the next thing was to go up to our patch of winter wheat and see if the crickets had left any. I found some; a little that had not been watered on high spots that were getting ripe. So I picked a few bundles and brought them home a distance of 6 miles. I beat some out, cleaned it, and had some boiling in a short time. That was one of our good times.

I used to think about these times, that if I ever got any grain that had grown in that valley I would be so thankful that I would make an offering of it to the Lord. But when I got that wheat in that pot I watched it close until it began to be a little soft. Then I got some in a bowl and I thought it was the sweetest thing I had ever tasted and forgot all about the Lord until it was finished. Well I was thankful anyway, even if I did forget to make an offering of it. Well from that time on we always had something to eat.

Now when my oldest brother William came into the valley with us he took a notion not to stay with the camp and drove about 40 miles north up the valley to the mouth of the Weber River Canyon with Adolphus Babcock and their families. Now this was right in Indian country. The High Council took action on them, and sent the marshal after them. He brought them back.

William camped with us and helped us with the saw mill and then took his oldest boy and started for California by what was called the southern route. When he got to the Sevier River he met a mountaineer name Baker who told him that the Indians would surely kill him. So he came back to the Provo River and went up that canyon to Fort Bridger. He stayed there until spring. At Bridger they got 2 of their 3 horses stolen. But in the spring they started with one horse for Missouri. They went back, wading rivers up to their necks. However, they got clear through and went to work in a pork house. While he was away his wife and 2 or 3 children stayed in the same house with me and my family.

BUILDING OF SAW AND GRIST MILLS IN SALT LAKE VALLEY

Archie and I went into partnership in building mills. We had our houses and land near together on Mill Creek and father built a small log house nearby. We built a saw mill in Mill Creek Canyon and one over on the Jordan River [now called Gardner Village located at 7800 South and the Jordan River]. We made lumber, raised grain, got houses, and stock and made money fast.

I forgot to state that on the 28 November my daughter Sarah was born in 1848 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah. My next born was Elizabeth on the 12 January 1851 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah.

It will be impossible for the reader to get a full understanding of the nature of this country and the sufferings of the first settlers from this short history. However, you can form some idea by supposing families of from five to ten crossing a trackless wilderness of over one thousand miles with provisions to last until more could be raised from the soil during the coming season. Also taking with them seed to raise it from, and tools to raise it with if they were mechanics, along with bedding and clothing, though scanty with household articles. All of this in from one to two old wagons hauled by teams perhaps one yoke of oxen and the rest unbroken cows when they started and many of the teamsters were women or little boys. Five hundred of the best men had been called by our Government to go and fight Mexico.

When we reached our journey's end we were in a country where it seldom rained and the land had to be watered from the streams from the mountains by carrying it in ditches and running it over the face of the land, a work that we had no experience with. In addition, the face of the land was seemingly covered with crickets and grasshoppers. These are facts for I was there myself and what I have written about myself and my family concerning scarcity of provisions was about in the middle of the whole camp of six hundred wagons of the first settlers that constituted that company.

Some of the families were better off than mine, and some were worse off. Some died from eating poisonous roots. Now don't forget these Saints were very poor when they started to cross the plains. Many of them had been driven from their homes in Illinois under the lash of hickory switches hardly getting time to look around and see their houses and grain stacks in a blaze. From these few lines you may be able to decide what kind of times they had in getting here and what kind of times they had after they got here. But I must pass on to other topics since I am not giving a general history of the country, but a little history of my life for the benefit of my own family.

MARRIED CYNTHIA LOVINA BERRY - #2

I think it was in the year 1851 [August 5, 1851], that I married my second wife Cynthia Lovina Berry, after which I moved on to the Jordan River to run our sawmill and stayed there for 2 years. During this time my second wife's first son, John Alexander was born on the 8 July 1852, same County as Mill Creek, only 8 miles apart. Next was born to me and my first wife Jane a son named James, born 10 May 1853 on Mill Creek.

While I was living at Jordan, I moved a small grist mill we had at Mill Creek and rebuilt it in connection with the sawmill. After this I moved back to Mill Creek and Archie moved to Jordan. Then we dissolved our partnership and I built a new grist mill on Mill Creek. About this time I was in comfortable circumstances. I



had a good grist mill, a good farm, a good pasture, well fenced, and two span of horses, two yoke of oxen, and twelve milk cows. I was out of debt and had a good comfortable house. In all I was worth ten thousand dollars.

As I have stated before, my oldest brother William and his son John had gone back to the States to work and returned in two years. William purchased a farm on Cottonwood. While living there he married a second wife, her name was Mary Smith. His daughter Jane married a man named Roswell Bradford; his son John married a woman name Elizabeth Hill. These two children were by his first wife Ann Leckie. Later William moved to Cache Valley, a distance of over one hundred miles. His son John remained in the Salt Lake Valley. In the winter time John undertook to visit his father. The snow was so deep on the mountains that he had to leave his horse and travel on foot. He froze to death a few miles from his father's house. Sometime after this, William took his two wives and their children, except Margaret, and went to California. Margaret married a man named Robert Hill.

I will now return to my history. My wife Cynthia's second son, Royal Joseph, was born 10 April 1854 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County. My next born was a son by my wife Jane, Thomas Henry, on 23 July 1855 at Mill Creek. My next born was a daughter by my wife Cynthia, Janet Armelia, on 17 March 1856 at Mill Creek.

About this time, the water on Mill Creek that turned my mill and watered my farm and pasture was taken north from the stream above my place, leaving my place dry. I was counseled to finish a canal that was partly made to Cottonwood Creek, a distance of 6 miles, to supply my place at Mill Creek. I then turned out my horses and stock to buy lumber and pay for work digging the canal and making flumes. Soon all my stock was gone but two yoke of young steers.

After I brought the water to Mill Creek I could not keep it in the canal for it ran along the foot of the mountain on side hills and across hollows. The canal kept breaking until it proved a failure. The failure caused me to lose all my crops and my mill would not run. My stock was all gone and I was flat broke. I had been called to go on a mission in the spring.

SLIDING LOG NEARLY CUTS OFF HIS RIGHT LEG BELOW THE KNEE

This was another tough time in my life. I had broken one yoke of the young steers. In the winter time I went to the mountain on foot to slide some dry pine timber for firewood; the snow was very deep, and very cold. The place of sliding was about five miles off. When I reached the foot of the slide it was a narrow track in about five foot of snow up a very steep mountain. Not knowing that any one was up the slide ahead of me I ascended about one forth of a mile when a log met me. It was running like an arrow and struck under the knee on the outside of the right leg peeling all the flesh off a place about four by six inches clear to the bone. However, the mountain was very steep and my foot gave way on the snow and it did not break the bone. When I looked down at the blood and flesh I thought the first thing; "Will this prevent me from going on my mission?" So I took a hold of my leg with both hands and raised my leg and found the bone was not broken. I said; "All right I will go on my mission". My next thought was; "Get out of there or another log would come and take away the rest of me." So I crawled out of the track into the loose snow where I could not see myself any more. I crawled to a high place on my hands and knees where I could see the road below me. Two men had come up the canyon. I hollered and they heard me and came to my relief. I placed one above to watch for logs coming and to give an alarm and the other dragged me down the slide. But before we got half way down my pants were all worn out and my bare body was on the snow. And the snow ran up my back inside my shirt clear to my neck. I looked back at my track it looked like where a hog had been stuck and dragged through the snow. I sent the man down the canyon to get a team to haul me home. He hauled me on some dry logs that had been sliden down and left me alone. I began to hunt for the piece of my leg. I found it down in the boot. I took my handkerchief and tied it to my leg for it hung by the skin on the lower end. I had nearly bled to death and was very faint and could not get any water so I had to lick snow. I was wrapped in snow.

After a while a team came up with a sleigh without any box or bottom. So they rolled on a few logs and laid me on and we started home. When I got to the toll gate at the mouth of the canyon I got a drink of cold water. This, with the loss of blood, and still being wrapped in snow nearly took my life. It threw me into a chill.

When we got to father Neff's mill I sent a boy, one of Bishop Brinton's sons, to Neff's house to get me some liquor. Porter Rockwell was there and came with the boy and brought me a tumbler of whisky and molasses. I commenced to pour it on my leg, but Porter said; "Pour it inside." So I did both. He wanted me to go to his house where he would sew it up for me. But I did not want to go to anyone's house, covered with blood and snow. But I got him to go with me to my house and do the work there.

So he got me down before the fire and washed my leg and got a handful of fine salt and laid it on the bone and lapped the piece of skin in its place and commenced to sew it with silk thread. He put in a few stitches but his heart failed him. He could do no more and no one could help me. So they held me up and I sewed it myself. That is, I took the needle through, and he tied the threads, and we made a good job of it.

He then ordered chamber lye [chamber lye is urine] boiled down two quarts into one and soaked a flannel bandage in it and wrapped it around my leg. However, I forgot to tell my folks to loosen the bandage when my leg swelled, which it did. I came so near dying. I did not know anything [was delirious]. Someone thought about what was the matter and loosened the bandage in time to save me.

Sometime after that I came near losing my life through a mistake. I had built a new house and moved into it without painting it. An old country carpenter did the woodwork and made very tight joints. There came a thaw and a very damp time which swelled the woodwork so it was air tight. On one of these nights I had been very restless. All day long my folks closed the bedroom door, and kept everything quiet. My brother Archie was in that night. After a while they thought they heard some kind of a moaning sound. They came to my bedroom and found the door sealed so tight they could scarcely open it. When they did open it, they found I had nearly breathed my last. They tried to open the window but could not and soon found out what was the matter [lack of air/oxygen]. But I overcame that.

My leg began to heal up and I began to get better so that I could sit up. My neighbors were all very kind and would get up tea parties for me. They would come with buggies and take me and my family to their houses and bring us home again. The kindness I received often melted me into tears. I suppose their kindness was because I was President of the Branch of Mill Creek Ward, and had met with a very serious accident and was going off on a mission in the spring. They tried to make me as happy as possible and I appreciated their kindness very much and felt nothing but blessings in my heart.

PREDICTION OF TWINS BEING BORN

I will here mention something that happened at 3 of these tea parties, which I had no faith in at the time nor ever thought of after until I returned from my mission, but have always been careful about since. When leaving to go home from these parties I always felt to express my thanks for their kindness and felt like asking blessings upon them. In three cases I jokingly blessed the women of the house with twins but never meant it or thought anymore about it. When I returned, these three sisters had six babies, two each. There were no other twins in Salt Lake Valley that year that I ever heard of. Now this was a fact, whether my words had anything to do with it or not. I don't claim they had, but so it happened. They all believed that my words had something to do with it. I have been cautious about blessings ever since.

I will go back and bring up the last account of my father. He lived in a little log house close by my place. He and mother were alone. He had never joined the Church until a few years before he died. He paid tithing and offerings and was a strong believer all the time. He was taken with a spell of

sickness and he wished to be baptized. So he was baptized and ordained a High Priest and received his Endowments and Sealing. Every other blessing I have attended to for him since his death. He was a good scholar and took good care of my business. When he died, although I had a large family, I felt like a little boy that had lost his father. He died 20 Nov 1855 on Mill Creek and was buried in Salt Lake Cemetery [Plot D-9-6].

MARRIED MARY ANN CARR - #3

My mother then lived with my family. My sister Mary and husband Roger Luckham and their family lived about one mile south of Mill Creek on a farm. I think about the 20 of July 1856 I married my third wife Mary Ann Carr, daughter to Sister Higby who died in Toquerville. This was in the summer prior to the winter that I met with the accident of hurting my leg on the mountain before named.

WENT ON HANDCART MISSION TO CANADA

I will return to the good time I had with my friends before named and say that the time was now come for me to begin to make preparations for starting on my mission and it was to be a hand cart mission. The company had to cross the plains with hand carts. No teams, nor horses, nor mules. I had so recovered well enough that I could walk without my crutches with care.

John W. Berry, David Brinton, and I agreed to travel together with one cart. So we got ready. On April the 22nd, 1857 at 7 in the morning I bade my family goodbye on Mill Creek and hauled my hand cart to Salt Lake City. My Brother Archie and Roswell Bradford went with me.

I stayed all night at the house of Samuel Meuler [Mullner] my brother-in-law. The next morning we all met on the Temple Block with our carts loaded for the trip on the 23rd and after receiving some instructions from Elder Orson Hyde, one of the Twelve, and others, President Young came to the company and told us to start. So every man took hold of his cart and started. The brass band and quite a company went with us to the canal on the bench east of Salt Lake City, about two miles. There they gave us the last tune. They went back and we went on. It was there that I took the last farewell of my Sister Mary. She died before I returned.

We had three carts break down the first day while traveling 8 miles. The next day we crossed Big Mountain, it was partly covered with deep snow. Where the road was not covered with snow it was running with streams of water so that in places we had to leave the road and travel on the side of the mountain with one wheel on the ground and men holding the other 2 or 3 feet from the ground. When we got over into the canyon we had to take off our pants and travel for miles in water from one to two feet deep. I think when we came to the Weber River, John W. Berry carried me over that stream on his back, for many thought it would kill me to wade that stream for I was still very feeble. I overheard some of the citizens, when looking at us when starting say; "There is one man, pointing at me, that will not go far until he gives out." For I looked as pale as a corpse, but that did not discourage me, for I thought I knew what I could do.



We had cold wet traveling for several hundred miles, all through the mountain country. Some mornings we would wake up with six inches of snow over our blankets and very hard frost. Sometimes we would come to streams where they were frozen on both sides and snow on the ground. We would have to take off our shoes and stockings and pants and wade through and sit down in the snow and put on our shoes. We had no feeling in our feet. Don't forget we had neither horses, mules, oxen nor animals in the company and scarcely any warm clothes. I had two small blankets, two hickory shirts, two pair of pants, and one vest, but no coat at all for we had to load our carts with provisions. When it snowed or rained we had to take it as it came.

I find by referring to my Journal we had 75 men in our company from 21 to 65 years of age. They were nearly all strangers to one another. They were from all countries; Americans, Scotch, English, Irish, Dutch, Danish, Welsh, French and Canadians who were going to all these different countries and some to Africa. They were not college bred ministers with 2 or 3 thousand dollars per year but they were farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe makers, millers, tanners, merchants, clerks, masons, laborers and fishers. As Paul said; "They were all things to all men." Going forth with NO money or script, only enough to pay our way to our fields of labor. That was furnished from our own purses. I know mine was, for I sold my last yoke of oxen to get it.

We organized the first night from home. Brother Henry Heriman was President and William H. Branch Captain. We had camp prayers every night and morning and traveled about 22 miles per day. Though nearly all strangers to each other when we started, we soon got acquainted and were very much united. We enjoyed the trip and were blessed with good health. Long before we got to any settlement provisions began to give out. However, we got some greens and some buffalo meat and we got along.

Before we got to the Missouri River many of the brethren began to get tender footed and had sore ankles and had to be turned into a "loose herd" and let them rest by walking on past and unhitching them from the carts. One man, named William Smith, from Sugarhouse Ward had to be hauled for 2 days. He was so sick he could not walk. But all went into Florence [Winter Quarters] alive and able to walk on the 10 of June [1857]. Making in all 48 days from the time we left Salt Lake City, a distance of one thousand and thirty miles averaging about 22 ½ miles per day.

There was a company organized when we left Salt Lake City called the Y. X. Company to carry the mail across the plains. They started with a band of horses with a good fit out [outfit] and five men, the same time we started. But we left them on the way and they tried to overtake us, but could not. So near the last end of the journey they sent 2 men, Charles Shumway and John Wimmer, ahead on horseback to overtake us. They had to ride 2 days and nights to overtake us.

Now when we got to the Missouri we had no more use for our handcarts. So we sold them at auction for what they would bring. The company was disorganized and most of the company went down the river to St. Louis, Missouri.

I had a brother-in-law living on Little Pigeon, a distant of 7 miles. So John Brinton, John Berry, David Brinton, and I think James Andrus, and I went to visit William McKeown my first wife Jane's brother. They treated us very kind. We had all the honey we could eat and stayed with them 2 days. William and his hired man took us to the steamboat landing in his buggy at Omaha, Nebraska. There we took a steamboat for St. Louis, Missouri. When we landed in St. Louis, Missouri, we found the rest of the Brethren there. We stayed there, I think one or two days, and took the railroad for Toledo, Ohio. Here we separated again. [Missionary Companion - Elder Charles] Shumway and I took the steamboat by way of Detroit, Michigan, USA for Canada. The remainder went down Lake Erie for New York.

ARRIVED IN CANADA FOR MISSION

[Charles] Shumway and I went up the St. Clair River to Port Sarnia, a town on the Canadian shore, the same place where I had crossed the river that divides Canada from the United States, when I was going to Nauvoo in the year 1846. Here I met some old acquaintances but they were all

very dry for they knew I was a Mormon. I visited an old Church that had been used for barracks at the time of the Mackenzie Rebellion [also known as the Upper Canada Rebellion of 1837-1838] where I had quartered as a soldier. Here I found a couple of Sectarian Ministers. We soon got into conversation. Finding out where I was from and what my business was, they soon pitched into polygamy. I talked with them for some time bringing up Abraham and many of the old prophets which they agreed were all men of God, but we had nothing to do with them. I showed them that Abraham was a man of God, and he was a polygamist. What did they think of him? One of them said; "He was an old adulterer", said the gentleman. I said; "If that is your opinion of the father of the faithful, I do not wish to have any more to say on that subject, for of course you do not believe in the Bible, and that is the standard I wish to go by." So I left.

We then traveled 30 miles on foot to a brother-in-law's near my old home. His name was Robert Brice. He had married my wife Jane's sister. Here we were kindly received and stayed 2 days.

My companion Brother Shumway asked me why I did not get up a meeting and preach to my old neighbors. I told him if he had any Spirit of preaching there he might do it but I had none, for the Gospel had been faithfully preached there once and had picked out all that would receive it and the rest had turned against it. I felt the same Spirit was there now that was there when I left and I had no Spirit to preach to them now.

So we left for London, a town 30 miles further on, for I noticed if I met with any of my old neighbors they had nothing but slurs to offer. When I got to London, I got some money there belonging to my brother [Archie] which I left there in 1846 with John Wilson, when I was leaving Canada. I now fitted myself out with clothes so as to start to preach.

Shumway had left me and gone to Milwaukee [Wisconsin] to see his brother. I hunted around to get a house to preach in, but that was an uphill business. Finally I got the fireman's hall and went to a printing office and got some handbills printed giving notice of the meeting. They were torn down nearly as fast as I put them up. Nevertheless, when the time appointed came, I had a small congregation and I preached to them the first principles of the Gospel. This was my first Sermon before the public on a mission to the world, and you better believe I sweat. I could have rung the sweat out of my handkerchief when I closed the meeting.

I only had the promise of the hall for one meeting and could not find another house to hold meeting in. So I selected a place on the banks of the Thames River for a meeting. I spread the word around as best I could before the time appointed came.

Brother Shumway came back from Milwaukee where he had been visiting his brother. He went with me to the place appointed, but no one came but 2 men and 2 women. They informed us they were Mormons and they took us to their home. This was a family who had been as far as St. Louis, Missouri on their way to Salt Lake City, but had not means enough to go on. They turned back to Canada to get a fit out [outfit].

They were 8 in number of grown persons and quite a few children. One was an old lady, a widow, her name was Graham. She had 1 married daughter and 2 unmarried and 1 unmarried son. His name was Sandy. The son-in-law's name was James Smith. They received us kindly and we were glad to meet them. We preached to them and rebaptized them. We organized a Branch and made their place our headquarters. We would leave there and travel out in the country from 1 to 2 weeks trying to get a chance to preach and then return and hold meeting with them. But it was a very hard time to get to preach the Gospel. The people did not want to have it.

Johnston's Army was on its way to Utah and the people were prejudiced. When we would ask for a house to preach in, and they would ask what Church we belonged to. When we told them, they would say; "You fools, when Johnston's Army goes in there, they will hang Brigham Young and all the leading men, and scatter the rest and that would be the end of Mormonism." Of course that was their belief, but that was not ours and we kept traveling and trying and preached where ever we got an opportunity.

In this way we spent the summer and the early part of fall. We went north of London about two days journey and stopped at a house on the Sable River. A Sectarian Preacher had an apartment nearby and on invitation we went with the man and woman of the house to the meeting. The congregation met and waited for a long time, but the preacher did not come. So the man we went with told them we were preachers. So they asked us to fill the appointment so we occupied a short time. By permission we gave out another appointment on Sunday which was next day. But when we went to the meeting house it was locked and quite a crowd was present.

The day before, we were invited by a Baptist to his house. He treated us very kind and he sat up until late that night investigating our doctrines and went with us to meeting. When he found we were locked out, he and his friends were very angry and a row was like to take place. But I advised them not to get excited. We did not wish to force ourselves on anyone but where the people were willing to hear we were willing to preach and let them judge our doctrine by the Scriptures. This gained us friends. So this man we had stayed with took us back to his house and he and his family read our books and were quite taken up with our doctrines. We stayed with them two days and were treated very kind.

CALLED HOME FROM HIS MISSION

The second night we stayed with them I had a dream. I thought Shumway and I went back to London and when we got near the house where the family lived that we put up with, who was the President of the Branch, I thought they saw us coming. They all came running out to meet us and told us that we were all called home. One of them had a yellow enveloped letter in his hand. I said to them; "Why all the excitement? Keep cool and let us go into the house, then tell us all about it." I feared the police would be after us for causing a riot. So we went into the house and they told us we were all called home and showed us the letter. This was my dream. So I told it to Brother Shumway and said I wanted to go to London, to which he was agreed. So we started in the morning. In the afternoon we came to the schoolhouse. I went and hunted up the trustees. I asked for liberty to preach in their schoolhouse. They wanted to know what sect I belonged to. When I told them, one said; "Yes you can preach there, but I will be there to oppose you, for Joe Smith was caught trying to get out of a woman's bedroom window." I told them; "All right, I would be glad to see him there." School was still in session, so I asked the teacher to be kind enough to ask the school children to tell their parents that there would be a meeting at a certain house, which the teacher agreed to do. The hour came and the house was lit up and the house was full. It was my turn to preach. Shumway could not sing at all and I could not sing much. So I asked if someone in the congregation would be kind enough to start a hymn from their own hymn books that they were acquainted with. But no one sang. So I started one myself. As soon as I started to sing, it seemed that 1/3 of those in the house began to laugh. This only gave me strength, and I knew I never sang as well before or since. You could have heard a pin drop in the house. I called on Shumway to pray. Then I addressed them on the First Principles of the Gospel. Winding up, I felt impressed to bear my testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, and that the Gospel with all its blessings was again restored to the earth and cited Scriptures where it was promised. I told them of Judgments coming on the ungodly and I felt that every word I said was true. I felt I was giving them a farewell testimony and everything in the house was as still as death. I closed and called on Shumway to speak and looked at my watch. I had spoken for one hour and a half, very uncommon for me. Shumway only bore testimony to what I had said and we closed. I then asked if anyone would be kind enough to give us a night's lodging as we traveled without purse or script. However, no one spoke.

My old friend, the trustee, asked if we were through. If so, there was liberty for anyone that wished to oppose us that wanted to do so, but no one spoke! So, he said; "If no one else will oppose them, I will." So he pitched into Brother Shumway. He said; "I am ashamed of you, an old gray haired man near his grave to stand up and bear testimony to what that other fellow said. Anyone can tell by his countenance that he is a rascal and he has told us that Joe Smith was a prophet and you bore

testimony to it. I am ashamed of you.” Then pitched in with all the old anti-Mormon lingo and abuse he could think of. But soon, the congregation began to leave the house and as they were all leaving, he quit. So after he quit, we went out in the crowd. The night was very dark and they were all standing around and did not notice us. We heard some of them say; “That was the best sermon I ever heard preached and so well proved by scripture.” This was encouraging, but we had nowhere to sleep. So we took a street that led to London and started that way. The night was very dark and cold and when we came to an open barn by the roadside we crept in amongst some unthrashed barley and slept until morning. We were very beardy when we crept out.

We then made our way to London. There my dream was fulfilled. The Saints, where we were going, were watching for us. When they saw us coming they came running out to meet us on the street. They had the yellow covered letter I dreamed of, saying we were all called home. I said to them; “Be still, let us go into the house and there tell us all you know. If you make a fuss here on the street the police will be after us.” So we went in and read the letter and we were all called home. So my dream was fulfilled to the letter.

TRAVEL HOME FROM MISSION

William Twitchell, one of the hand cart missionaries to Canada had found out where we were and was waiting there for us. I then went and got the rest of my money from Mr. Wilson and bought tickets for Shumway, Twitchell and I to take us to Iowa City.

The Saints felt very bad at being left for they intended to try and raise money and come to the Salt Lake Valley with us. But they were not ready then. I gave James Smith forty dollars to help them to come. We took the cash and left for home. Shumway and William Twitchell did not have a cent of their own, but I brought them along to Iowa City. I could not leave them there. So I paid their fare on the stage to Council Bluffs. The fare was 18 dollars each. This pretty near used up my money and we were still one thousand miles from home.

Smith and the Branch in Canada started west and came to St. Louis, Missouri again, so I heard, but I never saw them or the money I lent them.

We crossed from Bluff City to Omaha and traveled up to Winter Quarters and found William Carter there. The express company [probably a stage coach] that we were trying to meet and go home with had already gone. So we concluded that we should stay there for the winter. This felt rather tough. For we had never gotten a letter nor heard from home from the time we left them in Salt Lake City.

We went and visited my brother-in-law William McKeown on Pigeon Creek, who was glad to see us back. Shumway and I called on Brother Joseph E. Jonson at Crescent City on the Missouri River. He treated us very kind and gave us work cutting hay. When that was done, he sent Carter and me to his farm called Alisedale to take care of his corn and dig potatoes. When that was done he offered me 25 dollars per month to take care of his farm and stock for the winter. I told him I would, provided he would give Carter work too, but I did not like to get a place for myself and leave him out in the cold. He said he could hire all the men he wanted for 12 dollars per month but he wanted me to take charge of his place and he did not need Carter, which was true. But I would not consent to stay without Carter. So he consented to give him 20\$ and me \$25. So we stayed and worked for him all winter and he treated us well. His family was very kind and I had full charge. None of his folks would take a horse out of the stable or anything without asking my leave. I was working to pay for a mule; Carter was working for a horse. Near spring, Jonson had to go to the Legislature and he told me if I got a chance to go home before he got back never mind whether the mule was paid for or not, but take it along and go down to his store in Crescent City and get what goods I wanted, never mind the pay. I thanked him very kindly. I thought he was a friend indeed. But I got the mule paid for before I got a chance to go home and I had enough money left to get what little I wanted. So I did not need to take the benefit of his kind offer.

My brother-in-law McKeown let me have a young mare with the promise that he would come to the valley next spring and I would come and meet him and help him in for he belonged to the Church and I would make him whole for the use of the mare. Another Brother living there, named Homer, who was coming to the Valley, offered me a light wagon and he would take his pay in the Valley.

I worked for Jonson enough over the price of the mule to come to the price of a second hand set of harnesses. So I had a good fit out [outfit]. Brother David Brinton one of my handcart comrades came along about his time. He had one horse but no money. So I took him in and Carter had one horse and I took him in. About the time we got ready to start, the Missionaries from England came along. So we all came in one company. We came out to Genoa, Nebraska, a Mormon settlement on the [Loup River near the] Platte River and there we organized. John W. Berry was appointed Captain and David Brinton as Counselor or assistant. All the English missionaries were fitted out [out fitted] by the Church. But the Canadian missionaries had to fit themselves out. There was quite a large company, in all I think, one hundred men and one woman, Brother Pope's wife from Crescent City.

We had a very pleasant trip. Nothing of particular interest occurred on the trip. However, one thing that I will mention here about what I learned on the journey: Johnston's Army had gone up to Utah ahead of us. Some of our brethren that I thought knew more than me, told me the purpose of us going home was to clean the inside of the platters, then clean out the Johnston's Army, then go right back to Jackson County, take possession of the County and build up the Center Stake of Zion, and so on. I thought; well if that is so, all right. That was on the fore part of the journey. But we had not come far before I overheard some of our Old High Priests, that I had thought were nearly perfect, swearing that they had a full share in the property of that Company and they had nearly walked all the way. This and other grumbling I heard made me believe we were not going to Jackson County just yet. With this exception everything went along smoothly.

I think on the Seminoe Cutoff [just east of South Pass in Wyoming], we met Brother Hatch, brother [John M.] Bernhisel and others with a small company going back to the North Platte River Bridge after powder and other things left there the fall before. They told us all about Johnston's Army wintering at Bridger's and all about the Mormons corralling them there and not letting them go on to the Salt Lake Valley and that the Mormons had all left their homes and gone south, that President Buchanan had pardoned them all and that the Army was now let go into Salt Lake Valley.

This was the first we had heard from home for 14 months. We were then advised that because the Army had not yet left Fort Bridger that we should take the Sublette Cutoff to cross the Bear River [Most likely the Green River], on that trail leaving the Army on our left, which we did.

When we came to the river, it was deep and wide, it could not be forded. So we took a wagon bed and corked the cracks for a ferry boat. Some of the men swam over to the other side and we fastened ropes to the boat from both sides of the river, so as to draw it over and back. So we launched it out, the men pulling on the rope on the other side, making the ropes fast at full length on the side the boat started from. But both ropes got tight about the middle of the river and with the current striking on the ropes it sank the whole thing underwater. James Andrus was on the boat and could not swim. When the boat went down he floated off and called for some of the swimmers to come and help him. So, 3 or 4 jumped in, but they were quite a ways from him. One of our men named George Metcalf from Springfield, being on the other side of the river and another man with him ran down to a bend where he thought James would strike the bank. But Andrus had gone down three times. Metcalf threw himself down on the bank and had the other man throw himself across his legs so he could reach out into the river and reach down until his face touched the water. As he did that, Andrus was passing and he grabbed him by the hair and brought him out of the water pretty dead. But he soon revived.

We used one rope in place of two. All got over safe. It was the only accident we had on the trip.

We then started for the forks of Ace?? Canyon through the hills without any roads. When we came to the forks where the road was, there was a Company of Solders there fixing the road. We

came right on to them, out of the hills, and they were more scared than we were. We did not stop to trade "jack knives" but hurried down the Canyon asking no questions nor answering any. We hurried down to the mouth of the Canyon at the Weber River. Here we stopped and nooned and prepared a report to the Presidency and dispatched Angus M. Cannon and I to go ahead with it. We traveled to Willow Creek east of the Big Mountain and camped the night. After we left camp on the Weber River, Burnett Snow, Enoch Reese, and John L. Smith started on foot and passed us in the night and got into Salt Lake before us. We got in there in good time the next day.

ARRIVED IN SALT LAKE CITY AFTER HAND CART MISSION TO CANADA

When we got into the City there was not a dog to bark at us. Every window was nailed up and every door was closed and no one to say; "Welcome home." This was so uncommon from what it used to be when missionaries came home. There always was someone to come out and meet them and when I thought of that Army being the cause of an innocent people having to leave their homes, I felt like fighting for the first time since I had left home. We rode to the center of the City and there found a few of the brethren keeping guard.

They told me my brother Archibald was still on Cottonwood six miles south running our grist mill and getting out flour for the Saints to take with them. So we found Burnett Snow and other brethren that came with me from the Weber River and we all started down to the mill on Cottonwood Creek. There we found my brother Archie and his wife Lizzie. Here we got all the news, and they got us a good dinner. James Gordon made beer across the creek and Archie sent and got a bucket full of good beer and we had a good time.

The reader will remember before I went on my mission that my grist mill on Mill Creek was dried up and I was counseled by President Young to move it down to Cottonwood Creek and rebuild it. But because I had to go away on my Mission, Bishop Miller counseled me to let my brother Archie have half of it for moving and rebuilding it, which I did. This was the mill where we were now drinking beer. Half of the mill belonged to me and it grinds twelve bushel an hour.

We found that President Young was camped at Provo and my family was at Spanish Fork. After drinking all we could of the beer and resting we started for Provo road by way of Lehi and stayed all night with my brother-in-law Samuel Mullner. The next day early we reached Provo, found President Young, delivered our papers had a chat with many old friends, and I parted with Brother A. M. Cannon and went to Spanish Fork. Here I met my wife Cynthia and her children. All were well with an increase of one son since I had left, born 20 December 1857 named Robert Berry. They were staying with Cynthia's mother. After staying and chatting a while I went further up town to where my wife Jane was staying with my brother Archie's folks and found she and children well. She had had another baby son named Ruben since I had gone. He was born 1 Sep 1857. I stayed there all night and next day went on five miles to Pon Town [now Salem, Utah]. There I found my wife Mary Ann. She was staying with her mother. Now I had found all of my family. They were all alive and well, but my sister Mary had died while I was gone.

The following day I went back to Provo, 17 miles from Pon Town [now Salem, Utah] to meet the company and get my team and wagon and things they had in them. A little before I got back to the company they broke up there and I took my team and things and went back to Spanish Fork, 12 miles to my family feeling thankful to God for his blessings in sparing me on my mission and blessing my family while I was gone.

Before I had time to start up any business of any kind the word came from the President for us all to return back to our houses [in Salt Lake City]. Now it was the intention of the Church when the Army came in to leave this country and go south and they had moved their things and hundreds of tons of flour with them this far. When the United States declared peace with us, the Saints came back to their homes.

So I hitched up my team and started with my wife Mary Ann back to the Cottonwood mill. We kept on moving until I got all my family back there and went to work tending the mill and took charge of it for one year.

The next child that was born in the family was Ann born May 30, 1859 on Cottonwood Creek Salt Lake County, Utah by my wife Mary Ann. The next was Jane Callender, born 28 Oct 1859 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah by my wife Jane. Jane Callender died March 4, 1864.

The next was Jesse Albert; he was born Feb 15, 1860 on Cottonwood Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah, by my wife Cynthia. He died Sep 15, 1860.

At the end of the year we moved back to Mill Creek and commenced to repair up my old place. I bought all my brother Archie's houses and land. I now had about 80 acres of land and the half of the mill on Cottonwood Creek and was out of debt. So I went to work again in good spirits to make home pleasant. I had plenty of house room and had my entire family under one roof. We ate at one table and had plenty to eat. There were 16 of the family old enough to eat with a knife and fork at the table, besides a number of little ones. This was the happiest time of my life for all was peace and good feelings. No one need tell me that there can't be peace and enjoyment in a family where there is a plurality of wives in one house, for I have tried it with 3 wives and all their children under one roof. Still they have their own private rooms to retire to when they wish to do so. The women take their turns in the kitchen while the remainder tended to their sewing or any other work they may have to do. The testimony of all my women has been that they would for choice rather live in obedience to the law of the Lord than otherwise and this is my testimony also.

CALLED ON MISSION TO ST. GEORGE

I went to work in good spirits and put in a big crop and fixed up for living in the fall of that year which was 1861. On a Sunday the Bishop of my Ward, Ruben Miller, and the other Counselor Brother Alexander Hill (for I was one of his Counselors) came to my place on a visit and I took them around my farm and place and the Bishop made this remark; "I am glad to see you so well recovered from bring broke. You are nearly as well off as you were before you lost your property and went on your mission." My reply was; "Yes I was well off once and it all went off, and I am almost afraid of another call." Sure enough, a few hours later some of my neighbors, who had been to a meeting in Salt Lake City [Most likely General Conference on Sunday October 6th, 1861 where 305 people were called to go and settle St. George – Based on plaque at Encampment Mall on the Dixie College Campus in St. George] called in and told me that my name was amongst a number of names who were called today to go south on a mission to make a new settlement and raise cotton. We were to start right away. I looked and spit, took off my hat and scratched and thought and said; "All right."

The next day I went up to the City and saw George A. Smith in the Historians Office. He laughed when I went in and said; "Don't blame anyone but me. The President told me to get up a list of names suitable for that mission, so I thought of you for one and thought you would be willing to go if called. So I put your name down. But if you don't want to go, step to the President's Office and ask him to take your name off the list and he will do it."

I said; "I expect he would but I shan't try him. I have come to find out what kind of fitouts [outfits] are wanted and when to go."

He said; "That is the kind of men we want." So he advised me if I could not sell out to good advantage to take one of my families and go down and make a start and sell when I could. So I came home and worked to that end. I left a hired man and my son William, a boy [age 15] to gather my crops. I traded for a span of mules and took my wife Mary Ann and her 2 children Ann and Laura Althea, (the last named was born 8 Feb 1861 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County, Utah) and we started on our mission on the 12 Nov 1861. We traveled to Provo City and there Brother William Lang and wife Ann came up to us and traveled with us the rest of the way.

We had a very good time traveling until we came to Round Valley [Scipio, Utah]. There we met with a snow storm right in our face all the way across the valley. When we got across to the small

settlement of 4 or 5 houses, the snow was over one foot deep. The folks did let our wives into a house, but they would not sell us any hay or feed for our teams, nor let us put them into a corral to keep them from running away.

I said to Brother Lang; "I feel like civilizing this town." He said that was his feelings. We went to 2 men killing pigs. I asked one of them if they knew of any one in that town that ever had been out in a snow storm and any one that would sell us a little feed at any price. He said they needed all they had for themselves. He then began to ask who I was and where I was from. I told him my name and where I was from, pretty sharp. He asked me if I was the Gardner that had a mill on Mill Creek. I told him I was. He said; "Then take all your animals into my stable and feed them all they want, for I went to your house one night enquiring about the way to my uncles on the Church Farm." He said; "You told me the way. You told me it was too late to go there tonight. Stay here all night and I will show you the way in the morning." He said; "You gave me my supper and breakfast and a bed and would not charge me a cent. So you and Brother Lang must have all you want, for I have plenty." Well under the circumstance we thought it was good to get the accommodations on any terms, but if he had done what he did without being in debt for it we would have thought more of him.

We had another snow storm at Cove Creek [Cove Fort, Utah], which we found on the way to reaching the City of Beaver. The rest of the way we had fine weather. When we reached Parowan, I met George A. Smith there. He told me he wanted me to go to where they intended to build the city of St. George, 5 or 6 miles west of the town of Washington. He said there was a small town about 20 miles north east of Washington called Toquerville where the people were inclined to go. However, there was not room for much of a settlement there and the leaders wanted most of the mission to go to St. George. He wanted me there as soon as I could get my family taken care of. He wanted me to go and explore for timber and chances of building sawmills, but to go to the place where they intended to build this new town and there wait until Elder Snow came, for he would take charge of the mission.

We then continued on south and soon overtook a great many small companies who had started before Brother Lang and I did. They had traveled slowly, many having ox teams. Now we had a chance to camp with companies every night. When we came to the fork of the road [Anderson's Junction, Utah] going to either Toquerville or St. George there was a long string of wagons going over the bench toward Toquerville, but none on the road to St. George. There was hardly even a track on that road. Brother Lang and I felt a little lost for a minute or two. Then we said; "We will go where we were told to go and help to make a track." We have always been glad we did so. The first night after leaving the forks of the road we camped at Grapevine Springs [just east of Leeds/Silver Reef, Utah]. Now we had heard a great many yarns about the Dixie Country when George A. Smith preached to us at Parowan. He said wood was rather scarce down there, but by going 10 or 15 miles to where there were some Cedars and by hunting around we might find some long enough to make a front stick for a fire place by splicing two together. Another advantage of the country was it was a great place for range for when a cow got one mouthful of grass she had to range a great way to get another. He said sheep did pretty well, but they wore their noses on reaching down between the rocks to get the grass.

Amongst other yarns we heard about the country was that the climate changed so fast in a short distance that 30 miles from St. George it was so cold that the people had to wrap up in bed quilts or blankets to keep from freezing. Half a day's journey from there the water left in the sun got warm enough to wash dishes. So this night we camped at Grapevine Springs, this being down in the warm climate, my wife Mary Ann said she was going to test some of these things. So she sat out a cup of water on the wagon wheel to see if it would do to wash the dishes in the morning. When she got up in the morning her cup was frozen over with thick ice. She then declared that she would not believe any more yarns. However, I explained to her the reason that the water had not gotten hot was that the sun had not shined that night.

The next day we came to a place called Harrisburg, a place that had been recommended to me to settle in, being that it was very healthy. So, I went and hunted for the town, but could not find it. I found a few little places where some Cedar sticks were set up on end and covered with bags or ground sugar cane. We then went on to Washington. When traveling along over the sand ridges we saw several snakes as if coming up out of the ground but when we reach the top of the last ridge we found the town nearly under us on a nice flat between two ridges. Here we found some of our old neighbors who received us and were very kind to us. Here we found Robert D. Covington, the Mangums and Adam Richey and others who had been sent on that mission years before. The appearance of these brethren and their wives and children was rather discouraging; nearly all of them had the fever and largo or chills [Malaria] as they are called in this country. They had worked hard and had worn out their clothes and had replaced them from the cotton they had raised on their own lots and farms, their women had carded, spun, and woven by hand. They had colored it with weeds. The men's shirts and women's and children's dresses and sun bonnets were all made of the same piece of cloth. Their clothes and their faces were all of a color, being blue with the chills. This tried me harder than anything I had seen in my Mormon experience. Thinking that my wives and children, from the nature of the climate, would have to look as sickly as those now surrounding me, I said; "We will trust in God and go ahead." I think this was the first day of December we arrived in Washington Town.

ARRIVED IN ST. GEORGE FOR MISSION

We camped there that night and next day brother William Lang and I went west about 4 miles to the top of the black ridge, east of where St. George now stands and looked over into the valley and said if that suits our leaders it will suit us. We went back to where we had left our families and wagons and teams in Washington. That night, Elder Erastus Snow and family and most of his company came up. Brother John Pymm and wife, part of Elder Snow's company, had stopped back on the black ridge three miles east of Washington where Sister Pymm had her first son - John was born that night. They came into camp the next morning. Elder Snow held a meeting in Washington the night he came in. The next day Brother Lang and I joined Elder Snow's company and started over to the place where St. George was to be. But his family stopped that night by a spring and Brother Lang and I and our families came over to what we now call the Old Camp Ground where we found Brothers William Faucett and Robert Thompson and families camped. The next day, Elder Snow and family came in and formed a camp on a little wire grass bottom near the wagons that were already there. As the single wagons and small companies came in and fell into lines we soon had quite a nice camp. Elder Snow and Angus M. Cannon then explored the valley and located the site for the City of St. George.

On invitation I hitched a team to Elder Snow's carriage and went with him to Cedar City to attend a sale of the property belonging to the Old Ironworks to pay a debt that was owing to the Deseret News office. We came home by way of Pinto settlement and Pine Valley. This was the first time I had seen that place. I liked its appearance very much. The timber then grew all over the upper end of the valley and all around the face of the mountains. Good grass was all over the valley and hills with good black soil in the valley and a nice stream of soft water running through and there were many nice cold springs. However, the valley was high and cold. There had been one sawmill there that had been making lumber, but it was now standing still because of the low water in the stream. There was not sufficient water to run it, only in the spring and when there was wet weather to run the flutter wheel sawmill.

Elder Snow was very anxious to have the lumber business increased as all the new settlements needed lumber and asked me if I would like to come to Pine Valley and take charge of that business. I said to him: "I had not come to do my own will and would go anyplace I was sent. If he wished to know what my choice was, I would be frank and say I had no further choice for lumbering as I had spent a good part of my time in that business and found that kind of work kept a man a great deal of his time away from society, meetings, schools, and so forth as the timber was mostly on mountains and in canyons. I never knew a man to make riches at the bushiness. For my

choice I would rather stay near a good settlement of the Saints, but wherever he wanted me to work, there I would try to work." He did not say more at that time.

Brothers John and George Hawley, I. Hatfield, William Slade and family, and Isaac Riddle of the old mission and John M. Moody and Sylvester Earl of the new were living there then. No land had been tiled, only small garden spots at that time as the water had to go down to a small settlement, when it would reach there in the summer season.

Near the mouth of the Santa Clara Creek; that was the name of the stream running through Pine Valley, the name of the settlement then was Jacob Hamblin's Fort. He with others had established a small Indian mission nearby, about four miles from where St. George is now.

The day we left Pine Valley we came to Brother Rencher's herd house in Dameron Valley and stayed all night. I turned out my mules and in the morning could not find them. So Elder Snow and I started for the St. George camp, a distance of ten miles, on foot. Partly hunting the mules and partly exploring, we got lost from each other, and did not find the other until within four miles of our camp. We had neither road nor trail to follow.

After arriving at camp about the first work to be done was to locate fields and water ditches, which was an uphill business. It was hard to get water and land to connect. After making a preliminary survey of the fields and ditches on the Rio Virgin River on the our south for summer crops we then went up on the Santa Clara stream on the west, below the Hamblin's settlement [Santa Clara, Utah] and there located a field for fall wheat, and made a water ditch and commenced to water and plant wheat.

I will have to say that on account of me having some little experience in that kind of business - locating and leveling and much of it had to be done in our new country, I had very little time to play about in these times. In fact everyone was busy. The weather was very fine; it seemed the summer lasted until Christmas. On that day we had a meeting and dance held on the wire bottom in our camp and about the time the meeting was dismissed it began to rain and we began to dance and we did dance and it did rain and we danced until dark, then we fixed up a long tent and then we danced but the rain continued I think three weeks. The dance did not last that long. But we had a good dance, for we were united in everything we went at in those days. We had neither rich nor poor amongst us. Our teams and wagons and what was in them was about all we had. We had all things in common in those days. It was very common especially in the eating line, for we did not even have sorghum in those days. When we got a pumpkin from any of the old settlers we thought they were awfully good friends.

VIRGIN RIVER & SANTA CLARA FLOOD OF 1862

Some of the old mission in Washington, five miles east, and in Santa Clara, four miles west and a few on the mouth of that stream 1½ miles south at a little place known by several names such as Tonaquint, the Indian name of the Sedom Sop, Lick Skillet, and Never Sweat [It was a small place but had all those names], had a small piece of good land and raised some good crops. I think the Brethren's names were James Richey, the Adairs, Mangums, and the Pierces. A little before the rain quit it got in a hurry and it all let down at once raising the Virgin River and the Santa Clara Creek like mighty rivers running away beyond their bounds, tearing away all the best bottom lands and the little settlement last named were all under water. They had to flee to the hills, the water was several feet up in their little log houses. We went to their relief from our camp and took them our long dancing tent for shelter. Their place was at the junction of the two streams. We could see long cottonwood trees coming down-roots, limbs, and all. It was said that there was a large anvil came down a little ahead of the Blacksmith's shop. But I did not see it. I was not there at the time. A great many pieces of Hamblin's grist mill come down the Clara, a distance of four miles, for I helped to pick them up. The Virgin now instead of being a narrow stream spanable by a large plank was now in many places a quarter mile wide and widening every day.

DITCH AND TUNNEL BUILDING ALONG THE VIRGIN RIVER

We went to work and leveled a ditch along its banks about five miles long. We had to cut through cement like points, rock, and in one place tunneled through a point for fifty two rods [858 feet or 286 yards or about 1/6 mile] thirty two feet underground. Nearly all hands worked at this the balance of the winter. In the spring we had to abandon the whole thing for the river would cut away the ditch as fast as we could make it. I must change my mode of writing and confine myself more to my private life or I will run my journal into a general history of the country and items connected with its first settling.

ORDAINED BISHOP OF ST. GEORGE

About this time I was ordained Bishop of St. George and four other Settlements namely Shoal Creek, Meadows, Pinto, and Pine Valley. This brought under my notice nearly all the public movements of all these new settlements, the history of which more particularly belongs to the Church or other historians. Suffice it to say, the trouble we had with the ditch last named was a sample of how it had been with us up to that time, in 1884, as far as ditches and dams were concerned.

I will say that in giving the names of Mary Ann's children, I forgot to give the name of John Alexander, a boy of nine years old the son of my second wife Cynthia, who came along to help Mary Ann with the children and help me with the chores. The following fall John and I went back to Mill Creek to get supplies. The water in the streams was very high all summer. As a consequence, the Sevier River Bridge was impassable. So we met with Brother Hanks of Parowan and took some men and planks from Round Valley [Scipio, Utah] and also took some planks off the bridge and we built 2 small boats. We lashed the planks together and ferried our wagons over safely. We left the ferry in the hand of Robinson and Stewart of Round Valley to accommodate other travelers who had to cross the Sevier River. The Sevier River was running from bluff to bluff.

We reached our home on Mill Creek in safety and found another son had been born to me by my wife Jane. He was born on 17 Feb 1862 on Mill Creek, Salt Lake County. We called him Hyrum Osro. Also a son by my wife Cynthia was born 14 Jun 1862 in the same place. We called him Samuel Alonzo.

I attended to what business I had to do and started again for St. George. I took my son James by my wife Jane with me this time. Brother Lang had returned to Mill Creek in the winter on business. I found him there and he came back to St. George with me.

SURVEYED CITY OF ST. GEORGE – DROVE LARGE CEDAR STAKE

Prior to going back to Mill Creek at this time, President Snow wished the present site of St. George City to be surveyed and wished me to raise a company of men and go with the Surveyor. I got a large cedar stake, hewed and planed it, and drove it for the first stake in the southeast corner of St. George City, then known as Plat A Block A [actually Plat A and Block 1 at 200 East 300 South], cornering on the north west of the block now lying on the north of the Temple block now owned by Lars Larson. [See St. George Pioneer Map – Page 40] That was in February 1862 and this same month we broke camp and moved on to our city lots. We placed our wagons and put up some brush shades we called them wikiups and the first tithing gathered in the Ward was stored in my brush shade, until we built a small tithing office.

I continued to be Bishop of St. George until 7 Nov 1869 when Joseph W. Young was appointed President of the St. George Stake of Zion. He chose me as his First Counselor and James G. [Bleak], Second.

SOLD MILL CREEK AND COTTONWOOD MILLS TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

I must now go back, I think to the fall of 1863 when I went back to Salt Lake and sold my property consisting of one half of a gristmill on Big Cottonwood Creek and my farm on Mill Creek to President Brigham Young for eight thousand dollars in stock and wagons, stoves, and anything he had to spare. I asked him for five hundred dollars in money on the place to help me to start in making a home in a new place. He said he would not give me a red cent in money, and I always found him as good as his word. So I took some of the above named things and paid five hundred dollars tithing and two hundred to help the emigration fund and left the rest in his hands.

I started south I think on 13 November 1863. We got along well on our journey but the weather was very cold for traveling with so many small children. I had only one boy large enough to drive a team. That was my son William [age 17 years]. We arrived safe in St. George and had to winter in tents. Shortly after arriving in St. George quite a number of my family were taken sick and came near dying, my daughters Sarah and Betsy, my sons James and Thomas. I had built a small adobe house and the neighbors gathered in and put a roof on it so that I got my sick children under cover where I could take better care of them. Their disease was the puttered sore throat or diphtheria. One of them was so bad that the pallet of her mouth rotted off. After a while they got better and lived. Shortly after they got better, my daughter Jane Callender was taken with the same disease and died on the 4 March 1864.

MOVED JANE AND CYNTHIA TO PINE VALLEY

In the spring, I moved my wives Jane and Cynthia and their families to Pine Valley where my ox teams and boys that were old enough, could tend to logging and getting out lumber.

On Oct 26, 1864, my wife Mary Ann's oldest son Archibald Eugene was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah. Along about this time it was a very trying time for the Saints on this mission. Crops had failed, and many suffered for want of food. The Saints in the north in and around Salt Lake City were very kind and raised and sent down tons of flour to help the sufferers. My brother Archibald, Bishop R. Miller, James Miller and others I can't think of now sent me 1600 lbs of flour for my family. My brother Archie sent it down to Cedar City with his own teams and it surely was a Godsend as were all the rest that was sent to the others. St. George was in reach of all kinds of friends being only 340 miles from Salt Lake City. Yet we had many hardships to pass through which none but those who have experience in settling a new country can realize.

BRINGING FLOUR TO PINE VALLEY – WINTER OF 1863-1864

While passing along this limited history, I will report only a very few of these trying circumstances that I have come through. I stated before that I had moved two of my families to Pine Valley, leaving one in St. George. I had arranged for them all as best I could, but my time was mostly taken up with public business. I had but little time to see to all the affairs of my own family while I was superintending the building of a public hall, called the St. George Hall. Word came to me that my family in Pine Valley was out of provisions. I had no team or horse in St. George. They were all on the range near Pine Valley and that was in the winter. The distance to Pine Valley was 30 miles and the weather was very cold. I packed one quilt on my back and a piece of bread in my pocket and started for Pine Valley on foot. I traveled 22 miles that day, to where Brother Canfield then lived, now the Frank Foster place. I got there by dark, very tired. They had a very small log or cedar stick house. Their family filled it. I got to sit by the fire and after awhile I laid down across the doorway on the floor, the only vacant place in the house. The door was on the north side where the wind blew fiercely all night. I placed a stick of wood under my head and wrapped my quilt around me and there spent or suffered all night. By daybreak I loosened myself up, for I was not frozen. I started on facing the north wind. I will never forget the coldness of the wind. I traveled about two miles and found I was freezing. I made my way to a ledge of rocks that faced the south protected from the wind. There I tried to make

a fire, but I was too far gone to strike a match. My next remedy was to try to run back and forth, such a run as it was, under the rock until I warmed up a little. After awhile I was able to make a fire. Then I warmed up and ate my crust and went on my way rejoicing for eight more miles. When I reached Pine Valley, snow was about two feet deep. I made it to the settlement. The first house I came to was one of my own. I went in; there was no one there and the fire was covered up. I thought that was cold comfort. I went to my next house and found that in the same condition. I thought I would stay there. I was tired, so I made a fire and after a while one of my daughters came in. She told me all the folks had gone to a quilting. I asked her if she could get me something to eat. She said there was nothing in the house but a little boiled barley. She brought it to me. I noticed tears were close to her eyes. I felt for her more than I did for myself, although I was very tired and hungry. I tried the barley they had made by taking some lye from ashes to take the hulls off. But it made a mixture of barley and hulls and the lye that was all together. It only lacked a little butter to make good soft soap! I tried but could not eat it. By-and-by the folks all came in. They had got pretty well filled up at the quilting and I had a pretty good feast in finding them all well. After resting, I went out in town and borrowed some flour. The next day I got up a span of mules and started back for St. George to arranged business there that I was connected with. Then I started for Cedar City, 60 miles by way of Pine Valley, to get flour. When I got within 8 miles of Pine Valley, my mules gave out. Brother L. Brown was with me. He went on, on foot to Pine Valley and I took the mules off on the side of the mountains for feed. Brother Brown sent one of my boys back with oxen to pull my wagon. I took the ox team and went on to Cedar City and got some flour. While I was away there came a heavy snow storm. When I got back to the divide on the rim of the basin between Pinto and Pine Valley, the snow was so deep that the oxen wallowed in it up to their horns. I had to stop and tromp a track through 6 miles more of deep snow. That brought me home and that woe was past. The roads were so bad I could not bring much flour. Soon I had to go back after more flour for I had no faith in boiled barley. This time I took my mules. They had picked up some and while at Cedar City waiting for the flour to be ground, a man came there wanting to go to Pine Valley. He asked to go with me. I told him he could go by walking and helping me to drive the team. He agreed to it – his name was Lehi Dikes. The first night out there came up a heavy snow storm and it snowed and blew all the next day. We were 17 miles from home and my mules began to give out. So I had to leave my entire load but one sack of flour and we started for Pinto settlement five miles away. Of that, 1 ½ miles was up hill. Here the mules refused to pull. So I took hold of the end of the near whippetree [a whippetree is the horizontal bar at the front of the wagon, to which singletrees are attached – singletrees are the horizontal crossbars to the ends of which the traces [traces are the side straps by which the mules pull the wagon] of a harness are attached] with my right hand and a club in the left. Dikes did the same on the off side and we pulled and pounded to the top of the hill. Dikes did not complain, for it was according to our bargain and it was the only way to get through. When we got to the top of the hill, the wagon drove the team the rest of the way down to the settlement. The old road down the hollow had been washed out 4 or 5 feet deep and was drifted full of snow. Being aware of this I kept my team out to one side, but Dikes, who was walking behind had his face covered. The drifting snow was flying so bad that when I looked back one time I could not see him. I saw only his hat lying on top of the snow in the washed out area. So I knew where he was. He soon came to the top and we went on our way rejoicing for there were houses in sight. We then stayed with Brother Robison all night. We were kindly cared for. The next day we left our wagon, harness, and our only sack of flour and started on foot driving the mules ahead of us. In 12 miles we reached home all right. I sent my son William [age 17] back with an ox team for the flour. So now the second winter was past. I will let this suffice by saying this was a fair sample of what had to be passed through by many who helped to settle this country. I have never eaten it myself, but I have seen many of my brethren eating bread made from sugar cane seed and seed stripped from broom corn that had been ground up. It looked more like the remains of Sage Brush ground between horse's teeth than human food.

MARRIED LEONORA CANNON - #4

In 1863 Elder Snow wished me to go to Pine Valley and try to increase the amount of lumber that was being produced. This year on the 23 of June I married my forth wife, Leonora Cannon, and brought her to Pine Valley. On the 3 June 1864, my son Edward Shanks, by my second wife Cynthia was born in Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah. In the same place, my daughter Janet Armelia died of diphtheria. Edward Shanks died on the 3 of August 1865 in the same place. Cynthia Melvina, my daughter by my second wife Cynthia was born on the 8 July 1866 in the same place and died in the same place Jane^y [January] 10, 1869 of an unknown disease.

Whoever copies this Journal will please correct any oversights of mine in placing Archibald E. and Cynthia's last children ahead of the following name for Erastus who was born the 5 Jane^y [January], 1863 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. The dates are all right but I want their names placed before these others when copied. Ella [Carr], my daughter by my 3rd wife, Mary Ann, was born on 3 Dec 1866 in St. George, Washington County, Utah (here is another misplaced) my daughter Mary Alice by my forth wife Leonora was born 8 June 1865 in Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah. My son George Cannon, by my forth wife Leonora was born Jane^y [January] 10, 1868 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. My next son by my 3rd wife Mary Ann was Nathaniel born 5 Dec 1869 the place as the above (the following names should be placed before the last):
Franklin Cannon my son by Leonora was born Sep 20, 1869 in St. George, Washington County, Utah and died Sep 21, 1869
My son Amos Berry, by my wife Cynthia, was born the 16 April 1870 in Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah
My daughter, Lizzie [Cannon] by my wife Leonora, was born the 5 Nov 1870 in Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah
My son, Richard Carr, by my wife Mary Ann was born Dec 4, 1872, was blessed under the hands of his father on Dec 14, 1872, and died Dec 15, 1872 in St. George, Washington County, Utah
[My daughter, Maud, by my wife Mary Ann was born 10 April 1876 in St. George, Washington County, Utah]



ELECTED MAYOR OF ST. GEORGE

In March 1872 I was elected Mayor of St. George City. I served for four years. In 1871 Brother James G. Blake [Bleak], my fellow laborer in the Presidency of the Stake, was sent on a Mission to England to gather out the Saints and edit the Star. Before reaching home he had traveled 23 thousand miles. While he was absent, Alexander F. McDonald was placed in the vacancy as Second Counselor to President John W. Young on 9th Nov 1871.

ST. GEORGE TEMPLE SITE DEDICATED

The site for the St. George Temple was dedicated in 1872 [actually 9 November 1871]. I bought a steam sawmill from Roundy and Berry of Kanarraville and placed it in Grass Valley Canyon. I sawed one hundred and thirty thousand [board] foot of lumber. [A board-foot is a specialized unit of volume for measuring lumber in the United States and Canada. It is the volume of one foot length of a board one foot wide and one inch thick]. Then I sold the sawmill to Bryce and Samuel Burgess. I paid 2000\$ for it and sold it for 2500\$. Sometime after this, John W. Young and I, James Andrus, Nat Ashby, and Oscar Bentley went south to explore for timber for the Temple. We found plenty of a good quality timber 70 miles south of St. George at Mount Trumbull, Arizona near the Colorado River. Bryce and Burgess moved their steam mill to that pinery.

In 1872, President John W. Young died. He was sick for sometime before he died. He wished to be taken to Salt Lake City thinking that the change of climate would help him. We fixed up a spring bed and placed it in a wagon. Brother McDonald and I lifted him off his own bed and laid him on the spring bed to rest and see if he could stand to be moved. While we were standing over him, he turned over and looked me in the face and said; "Now Brother Gardner you will need the strength of an ox to stand up under what you will have to pass through." I never will forget his look and words. We then started with him. He seemed to ride easy. I went with him to the Black Ridge east of St. George. Brother McDonald went to Harrisburg with him and there he died. That night he brought him back to St. George and where he was buried. His loss was much lamented for he was the poor man's friend. Brother McDonald and I, acting by conference vote, were sustained for several years [5 years] as what was left of the Presidency of the Stake.

On June the 15, 1873, my daughter Susan Leonora, by my wife Leonora, was born in St. George, Washington County, Utah.

About this time I began to realize what it was like to maintain such a large family in a hard country. My time was nearly all taken in public business with no pay for public service in those days. I had some livestock but they were running at large doing me no good. So I thought I would gather the stock up and take them on the mountain and try and make some butter and cheese to help out. So I moved my wife Leonora to Pine Valley and went on the mountain where I found a good place for the stock. I built a log house and corrals and pig pens and moved my wife Cynthia on the mountain. But the first night she was taken sick. There was no one within 4 or 5 miles. She was in a condition we were not aware of and coming up the mountain was too much for her. The next morning my son Robert came. I sent him down to bring up Sister Burgess. The mountain was so steep that it took a yoke of oxen and a span of mules to bring her up in an empty wagon. We got my wife in the wagon and with great care we got her down to my son Royal's place in Grass Valley. Cynthia was sick for a long time.

So the dairying was played out, for my first wife was too old and Leonora had too many children, to go. So I scratched my head and thought what next.

I had gotten a few goods on credit for Leonora to sell to try to make my families self sustaining. So as soon as I could leave my wife [Cynthia] I started to Salt Lake City for a load of goods to enlarge our stock. We followed this plan for some time, but money was scarce and there were so many that we were so well acquainted with that we lost our ability to use the word "**no**." As a consequence, the goods went out, but no money came in. So that business played out.

Before I moved Leonora to Pine Valley this last time, my son David Cannon was born on the 4 Nov 1875 in St. George, Washington County, Utah. On the 21 April 1878 my daughter Rhoda [Ann] was born in Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah.

About this time Elder Snow wished me to come down and superintend the making of roads and other outside business providing homes and work and tools and a general oversight of the workers and getting materials for the Temple. There were more than 2 hundred men coming in from

the different settlements to work on the Temple. I will here say that I began to receive pay for the first time in my life for public service.

On November the 9th 1871 the site of the St. George Temple was dedicated. These comments should have come in before. Some of the last dates showing when some of my children were born – who ever copies this will see to getting everything in its right place so that dates will appear in their proper place. The St. George Temple was over 4 years in construction. President Young and George A. Smith spent a good deal of their time in St. George. Being connected with the building of the Temple, I had occasion to call on them very often. One day President Young told me he wanted me to get up a list of the names of the Brethren in St. George who would be willing to go into an organization of a United Order to work together. I did so and in 2 or 3 days I reported ten or twelve names. He said we will start with that many and will call a meeting and organize. So he gave notice of the meeting in the St. George Hall. In that meeting he explained what he wanted. He said the Lord wanted the people to be United in their Temporal affairs as well as in their Spiritual affairs and that the time had come for them to enter into an Order of this kind. Many others added their names to the list in this meeting. He then wished the meeting to nominate a President to preside over the Order in St. George. Bishop William Snow of Pine Valley nominated me to be the President and it was carried unanimously. The record of the remainder of the business of that meeting and the complete organization can be found in the minutes of the meeting. I think the minutes were kept by Brother James G. Blake [Bleak].

I know a little difference of opinion arose between President Young and Elder Snow about the claim of the Heberville farm. The Church had established a cotton farm there in the early days. But the flood had washed away the dam and ditch and all their cultivated land. A company from St. George had taken out the water and taken in new lands and cultivated a large tract of the valley. They had again abandoned the farm. Their dam was taken away by floods, but most of their ditches and land remained. Elder Snow was better posted on this than President Young was.

I think most of the Bishops in the county were elected in a Board to transact the business of the Order. The different fields were organized into working farming companies and a good many mechanical companies were organized. The details, however, if you wish can be obtained from the book of the Secretary of the Order.

During this time the construction of the Temple was being hurried with all speed. President Young had sent a large steam sawmill to Mount Trumbull to hurry getting out the Temple lumber. He had turned the sawmill into the United Order and Bryce and Burgess and their company turned in their mill. Brother Whipple was sent to superintend the work. However, the snow fell deep and no hay was available for the teams and many of the men got dissatisfied. As a consequence, the lumber business was stopped. The stoppage was very annoying to President Young and George A. Smith.

CALLED TO MOUNT TRUMBULL TO ACQUIRE LUMBER FOR TEMPLE

One day I was down at the Temple site when George A. Smith came by in his carriage and called me over to him and told me to get up in his carriage. There he opened his mind to me, concerning the Temple.

He said; "You cannot realize how the President is annoyed over this lumber question and how anxious he is to get this Temple completed. He feels he is getting old and is liable to drop off any time and he has keys that he wants to give in that Temple that can only be given in a temple. Likewise Bishop Hunter is very old and he is very anxious to do work in that Temple for his dead before he passes away." He said; "My own anxiety is great on that subject. I have been thinking ever since that lumber business had stopped, where can I put my hand on a man that will go out there, who will not be stopped by trifles, but will get out lumber no matter what it costs so that the Temple may be finished without delay. I cannot get my mind off anyone but you."

I said; "Brother Smith, if I were to study my own feelings, I'd rather go on a mission to China than go out there, but I have nothing to say. If you want me to go there, I will go and do the best I can." So he said he would talk with the President about it.

Sometime after that, when the Order Board was in session, Elder Snow nominated me to go to Trumbull and get out what lumber was needed for the Temple. The motion was unanimously carried, but I utterly refused, but gave my reason, that I was satisfied that President Young did not want me to get out that lumber, for I knew he had his mind on Copeland of Beaver, which was afterwards proven that I was correct.

After a while President Young and George A. Smith started for Salt Lake. Elder Snow and Brother McDonald went to Beaver with them and while there President Young sent for Copeland and tried to get him to go and get out that lumber, but they could not hitch. Then President Young and his party drove on and while at Cove Creek (Cove Fort, UT), the first night from Beaver, I received a telegram asking me to go to Trumbull, to use my wisdom and energy to get out that lumber. I would have their blessing and backing, signed by B. Young and George A. Smith.

I answered, I would go forth. Within a few days after, I went with Brother Whipple and took an inventory of all the property and took possession of both the steam mills, teams and all of the fitouts [outfits].

I returned to St. George in a few days and found the masonry work on the temple was finished and the workers were having a jubilee. As soon as I could, I started back to Mount Trumbull with 2 cooks, men, and provisions. Soon I had the mill running. I fitted the mill out with men and took 6 men with me into the woods; 4 with crosscut saws, and 2 with axes. I took my "bills of lumber" for the Temple and my ax and measuring pole and selected and marked suitable trees for choppers to cut. When they were cut down, I measured and marked them for the men with the crosscut saws.

Next I arranged the teams with men to haul the logs to the mill. After getting this part organized we soon began to fill the mill yard with lumber. Then a lumber hauling company was organized under Isaac C. Haight and was located at Antelope [Coyote??] Springs, half way to St. George. The distance from Mount Trumbull to St. George was 70 miles. The nearest water to the mills was 2 miles, it took one man with a team all the time to haul water to make steam and supply the houses. Milk cows for supplying milk I had located at the spring. Under this arrangement we had a steady stream of lumber running from the standing tree to the Temple causing no hindrance for want of lumber which pleased the Presidency very much. My engagement was for 6 months, it being supposed that it would take about that time to get the lumber for the Temple. But we filled all the bills for the Temple and sawed a great deal for customers besides, inside of the 6 months.

When my time was up, I gave notice that I wanted to turn the mills over to someone else, but I was urged to run the mills 6 months longer and set my own price on my own time for it had been found on settlement that the mills had paid all expenses and had made a big profit.

However, I did not feel to accept the offer, as I had started to build me a house before the President started to build the Temple. But he requested that everyone in St. George to lay their individual buildings aside until the house of the Lord was completed. I had done so and filled my mission. My time had been all taken up from the time the Temple commenced to be built until the roof was on. I had helped in getting material together for repairing roads, getting the rock from the quarries, seeing to getting shelter and other things needed for the men that were called from the outside settlements. Most of the time we had over 2 hundred men employed. I was among the first to superintend making the road to get the rock to lay the foundation and the last to furnish the lumber to put on the roof and finish the inside work.

As my time was not needed on the Temple, I wanted to go to work at my own house instead of hiring out on private business. So I settled up my business and started home for St. George, bringing my wife Mary Ann and her children with me. They had been out with me helping to do the housework. This was in the fall. On our return to St. George, on the 3rd night out, about 3 in the morning the wagon with my family in it got mired down in the quick sand in the Virgin River. Fortunately, there was

a light buggy with us. We had the buggy drive close by and pick one or two people out of our conveyance [wagon] without making much stop [slowing down] so we all got out. No one hurt but some were scared.

My house was to be built on the northwest corner of the first Block East of the St. George Tabernacle [See Pioneer Map of St. George – Page 40]. It was to be 38x42 feet when the house was completed so that the family could be comfortable. Mary Ann and family intended to live in this house.

MOVED TO PRICE BENCH – ESTABLISHED UNITED ORDER – WAS BISHOP

Jane and Cynthia and families had good homes in Pine Valley. Leonora and her family had no home of their own, so I moved her to Pine Valley and started a little store to enable her to be self sufficient. That business failed the particulars of which you will find some pages back. I then moved her to St. George and went on to Price or old Heberville where a Branch of the United Order had been organized. It was a Farming Order. By that time the Order was broken up [failed] nearly all over.

I found the Branch in Price in a very poor state. Most of them were about to leave and had nothing to move with. I called them together and we had some meetings in which I proposed that as many of them as wished would join and buy all the claims that were against the farm and then divide them up amongst those who wanted a share. These shares would be individual property. Putting the share of the debts on the shares of the land per acre they nearly all voted for that plan for they did not want to leave a committee of 3, who were appointed, to get the amount of claims against the farm and get the amount of acres in the farm. We found the cost per acre then divided that into the number of pieces called for and a price was put on each piece according to quality then cast lots for each parcel.

I was one of the committee and it took a great deal of time and care but nearly everyone was satisfied and drew the piece they wanted. In dividing the land we reserved a nice little bottom near the town plat which we divided to each man half an acre for a garden, now well covered with garden and fruit trees.

Price and the farm is a nice little Ward today. The town plot named above was on a small bench near the center of the farm where each land owner had a lot to build a house, stock yard, corrals, and other needful buildings.

On one of these lots in the time of the United Order was built a large rock house for the boarding house for all hands. But after the Order was broken up and the land divided the house was not needed for a boarding house. And the company sold it to Milo Andrus and me to divide into 2 dwelling houses. I afterwards bought Milo's share of the house as he got dissatisfied with the place and wanted to move away. I then moved my wife Leonora to this place expecting her to have the house and land for a home. About this time President Erastus Snow with the Presidency of the Stake and my brother-in-law David H. Cannon came down and ordained me Bishop of the Price Ward.

On the 8th of August 1880 my daughter Leonora Emma was born at this place. I stayed here and raised 3 or 4 crops [3 or 4 years] with the help of my little boy George [Age 12 to 16].

Previous to this, my daughter Susan Leonora was taken sick at this place and was taken to St. George and died on the 12 Dec 1879. She was born 15 June 1873.

About this time I thought I had got my 4 families all in independent homes, which end I had been working to for years. On account of being a hard working man all my life after being old enough to work and this being a very hard country to raise a large family in and inasmuch as I have raised and am raising 27 children [37 children born, with 26 living to adulthood and being married] and providing 4 different homes and a great amount of public work to do without pay in this life, and nothing but the labor of myself and family to raise means with, the blessings of the Lord to meet these things it has made it pretty hard for me. Though [I] do not wish to make any complaint, [I] am thankful for my lot.

LATER YEARS OF HIS LIFE

I give these reasons for me beginning to break down in my bodily strength and these last five years in the named place had broken me down worse than any 10 years of my life before had. The river [Virgin River] that our farms draw their water from is subject to a great many floods which would tear out our dam and fill up our ditch some miles long. So it was ditch, ditch, and dam, dam, so I was nearly used up.

I told Elder Snow how it was with me. He advised me to sell out there and go to Pine Valley where 2 of my families lived, where my health would be better and they would release me from being Bishop of Price Ward. So I took his counsel and sold out and moved my family to St. George. I had a house and lot in St. George, but no farm nor business to support a family.

Mary Ann, my 3rd wife, had been disaffected for some time and wished to leave me. She would give no reasons for it only that she wanted to, thinking she could do better for herself than I could do for her. As I had such a large family she thought if she had her share of my property and being a good hand at trading and marketing, she could live better than she could with me for she used to curse poverty and did not like to take times as they came along as I had to do, for she liked to be on the upper shelf. She was a smart woman and had a great many good traits in her character. But breaking up the family was a hard stroke on me, [especially] to part with the children. Her property I cared nothing about.

I gave her about ¼ [one forth] of what I had, consisting of a house and lot, farming land, stock, stock in factory provisions, wood and hay, land, furniture, stove, and sewing machine amounting to near 3000 dollars at the valuation of things at that time this was got along with. I paid her up and got a clear receipt but she would not take a bill of divorce. I offered her one but she declared she would not have it, so she belongs to me yet and I wish my family to treat her and her children, six in number kindly, for my sake.

Now I have to go and provide another home for Leonora and family. So I traded off my only team and wagon harness and other things for a house and 14 acres of land in Pine Valley. Before leaving St. George my youngest child Angus Cannon was born on the 17 Oct 1882.

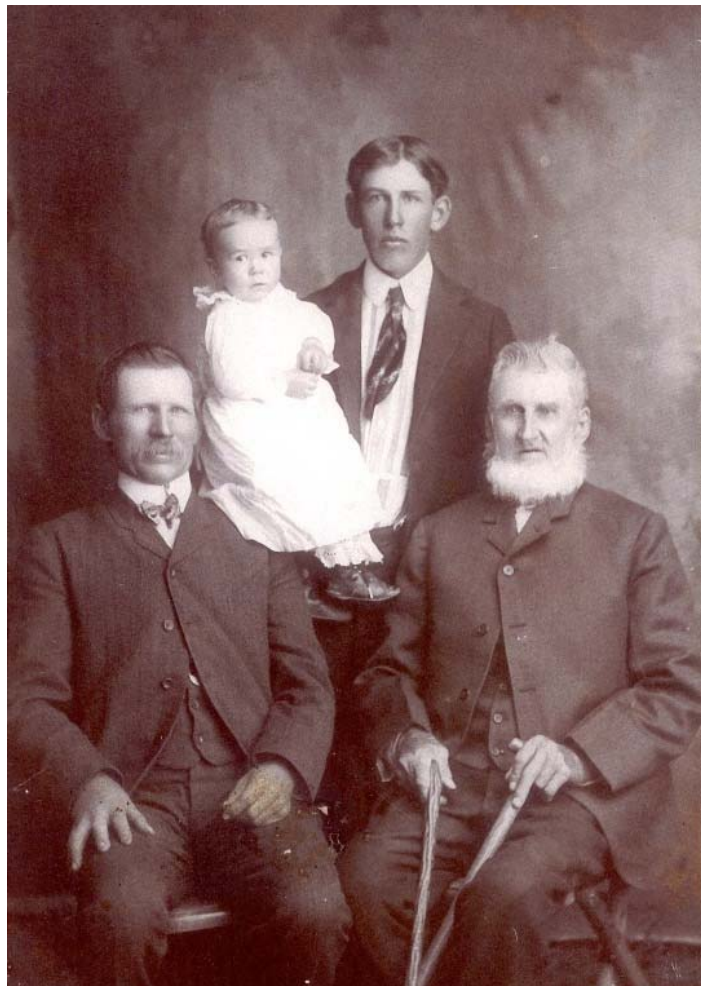
Now the next move I made was to Pine Valley to raise a crop on the farm I had bought bringing Leonora's oldest boy, George with me, leaving her and the rest of the children in St. George. After raising one crop I sold the place to my son Osro and bought 22 acres from my son James in Grass Valley for \$1100. He was going to move to Kanosh, Utah. There was no house on the land but James Rancher had an old house close by so I bought that and moved Leonora and family into that and George and me went to work in good earnest. Thinking we had got another good home, which it was, but in my experience I had learned that settling down to any kind of labor in a Mormon life was very uncertain. George was all the help I had on this farm and a good boy to work but not big enough to plough or do heavy work [By the summer of 1884 George was 15 years old]. I said to him; "I want you to watch and learn all you can about the work you see me do. We do not know how soon I may be called away and you will have to do the work yourself."

CALLED TO WORK IN THE ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

I found the counsel was not given any too soon for in the fall of 1884 I received a letter from President Woodruff saying that my wife Cynthia and I were called on a mission to go and work in the St. George Temple. So that wound up my work on the farm. So I turned the farm over to George and his mother to do the best they could. The next spring, George took hold of the plough and got along first rate.

Cynthia's family members were all married but her youngest boy Amos, who was about 17. She turned him over to his brothers, and she left her home in Pine Valley and went with me to St. George and on the 15 Jan 1885 we commenced as work hands in the Temple where we worked with exception of recesses until 15 Jan 1887. At this time I was very lame with Rheumatism and the President of the Temple advised me to go a while to Pine Valley where the rest of my family was and

rest a while thinking it might help my lameness. I did so, but Cynthia stayed and worked until the 28th when she was taken sick. Her son John went down and brought her home in a buggy because she was very sick.



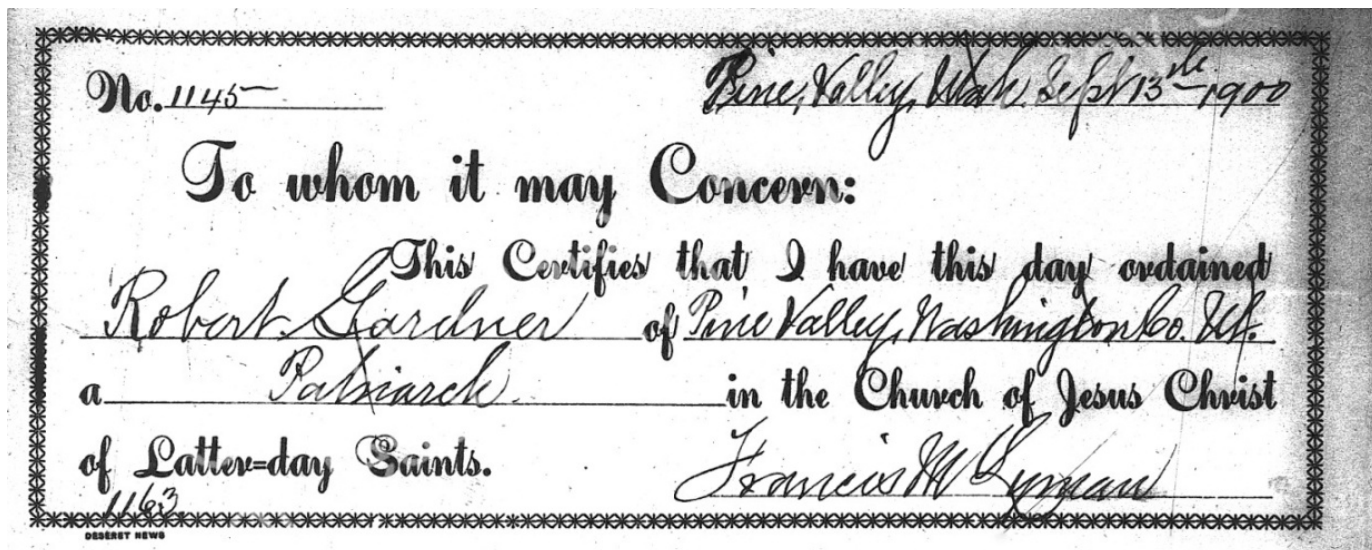
Wonderful Examples of 4 Generation photos. Photo on the Left was taken with Robert Gardner, Jr. and with his son Robert Berry (RB) Gardner with his son Robert Snow Gardner with his son Scott Gardner.

The photo on the right is a photograph of Jane McKeown Gardner. Robert's first wife with her daughter Elizabeth Gardner Helm with her daughter (Mary Jane Helm Cornwall OR Elizabeth Nellie Helm Hamilton??) with her daughter ??.

ROBERT GARDNER JR'S BAPTISM AND PRIESTHOOD HISTORY

- I was baptized on one of the first days of January 1845 by William Gardner, Confirmed by Samuel Bolton, Brook Township Canada West, Ordained an Elder by John Borrowman shortly after.
- In 1855 I was ordained a High Priest by Bishop Ruben Miller and set apart as his Second Counselor in Mill Creek Ward.
- In 1862 I was set apart as Bishop of St. George Ward by Erastus Snow one of the Apostles.
- On the 7 Nov 1869 I was set apart first Counselor to Joseph W. Young President of the St. George Stake of Zion. In 1872 Joseph W. Young died.
- In March 1872 I was elected Mayor of St. George City for 2 years and was re elected for another term.

- I was ordained a Seventy in the early days of Salt Lake and enrolled in the 12th Quorum - Samuel Mulliner, President.
- **ORDIANED PATRIARCH BY PRESIDENT FRANCIS M. LYMAN**
Robert Gardner Jr., was Ordained a Patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints



when he was near age 81 by President Francis M. Lyman.

AGE Yrs	TABLE 1 Robert Gardner Jr. -- DATES & AGE	DATES Draft 9 Dec 08
-42.7	Margaret Callender Gardner (Mother) Born	Jan 1777
-38.6	Robert Gardner, Sr. (Father) Born	12 Mar 1781
-16.7	William Gardner (Brother) Born	31 Jan 1803
-5.1	Archibald Gardner (Brother) Born	2 Sept 1814
0.0	Robert Jr, Born - Kilsyth, Sterlingshire, Scotland	12 Oct 1819
2.6	Moved to Canada	4 Jun 1822
14.0	Moved to "Western Canada"	25 Sept 1833
17.5	Temperance men came by - Pledged not to drink	About 1837
21.4	Nauvoo Temple Construction Began	18 Feb 1841
21.4	Married Jane McKeown (Wife #1)	17 Mar 1841
22.2	Birth of First Child - Robert Rierson Gardner	31 Dec 1841
24.9	Heard about the Gospel	Fall 1844
25.2	Baptized in Canada	Jan 1845
25.6	Traveled to Nauvoo	June 1845
25.6	Received Patriarchal Blessing in Nauvoo	June 1845
26.5	Nauvoo Temple Dedicated	30 Apr 1846
26.8	Mormon Battalion Departs	16 Jul 1846
27.0	Moved to Nauvoo and then to Winter Quarters	Fall 1846
27.7	Traveled across plains to Salt Lake Valley in Hunter-Horne Company	17 Jun 1847

28.0	Arrived in Salt Lake Valley (Traveled - 106 Days)	1 Oct 1847
31.8	Married Cynthia Lovina Berry (Wife #2)	5 Aug 1851
36.8	Married Mary Ann Carr (Wife #3)	20 Jul 1856
37.1	Leg injured by log in Mill Creek Canyon	Fall 1856
37.5	Went on Mission to Canada using Hand Carts	22 Apr 1857
37.7	Arrived in Winter Quarters (Hand Cart Travel - 49 Days)	10 Jun 1857
37.7	Arrived in Canada - Sarnia, Ontario (Total Travel - 66 Days)	27 Jun 1857
38.0	Served as a Missionary in Canada (92 Days - 23% of time away)	27 Sep 1857
38.0	Traveled to Winter Quarters from Canada (Travel - 8 Days)	5 Oct 1857
38.5	Stayed in Winter Quarters for the Winter (Worked - 216 Days)	30 Apr 1858
38.5	Departed for the Salt Lake Valley (Travel - 25 Days)	30 Apr 1858
38.6	Arrived in Salt Lake Valley from Hand Cart Mission to Canada	25 May 1858
	TOTAL Time as Missionary to Canada (398 Days or 1.09 Years)	
39.5	Called to be First Counselor to Bishop Reuben Miller of the Mill Creek Ward, Salt Lake City	22 Apr 1859
42.0	Called to Dixie Mission - to settle St. George (General Conference)	6 Oct 1861
42.1	Started for St. George	12 Nov 1861
42.1	Arrived in St. George (Travel time 19 Days)	1 Dec 1861
42.1	Appointed to Camp/High Council in St. George	5 Dec 1861
42.3	Cedar Stake Pounded into "Center of St. George"	Feb 1862
42.4	Called to be "Presiding" Bishop of St. George, Shoal Creek, Meadows, Pinto and Pine Valley Wards by Apostle Erastus Snow	22 Mar 1862
43.6	Archibald Gardner visits from Salt Lake City	4 May 1863
43.7	Married Leonora Cannon (Wife #4)	24 Jun 1863
48.6	Pine Valley Chapel Built - William Snow was Bishop with Ebenezer Bryce architect who was a ship builder - Inside looks like an upside down ship	1 Jun 1868
49.1	Elected to Board of Utah Cooperative Mercantile Association	23 Nov 1868
50.1	Released as Bishop to be First Counselor in Stake Presidency	7 Nov 1869
52.1	St. George Temple Site Dedicated by President Brigham Young	9 Nov 1871
52.2	Called to preside over the United Order in St. George	About 1872
52.4	Elected 2nd Mayor of St. George (Served 2 Terms from 1872-1876)	Mar 1872
53.6	Brigham Young Home in St. George Built	June 1873
56.5	Called to Mount Trumbull to run sawmill to provide lumber to finish the St. George Temple - DATE an estimate	1 Apr 1876
57.5	St. George Temple Dedicated (Took 1,975 Days or 5.41 Yrs to finish)	6 Apr 1877
57.9	Brigham Young Dies	29 Aug 1877
60.2	Ordained Bishop of the Price Bench Ward (Date estimated)	1 Jan 1880
63.0	Birth of Final Child - Angus Cannon Gardner	17 Oct 1882
63.6	Moved to Pine Valley	Summer 1883
64.3	Began Writing JOURNAL	29 Jan 1884

65.3	Robert and Wife Cynthia called by President Wilford Woodruff to serve in the St. George Temple - Served for 2 years	15 Jan 1885
66.9	Archibald Gardner visits Robert on his way back from "hiding from the marshals" in Mexico because he was living in polygamy (Archibald turned 72nd years old while there - 2 Sept 1886)	2 Sept 1886
67.3	Robert and Cynthia move back to Pine Valley after Temple Service	15 Jan 1887
80.9	Ordained a Patriarch by President Francis M. Lyman	13-Sep-1900
86.3	Died in Pine Valley	3-Feb-1906

TABLE 2 Robert Gardner, Jr. - First Generation

Jane McKeown Born 24 Jul 1823 Married 17 Mar 1841 WIFE #1					
C	Name	Born	Died	Md	Age Death
1	Robert Rierson	December 31, 1841	August 13, 1847	No	5.6
2	Mary Jane	February 13, 1843	December 8, 1929		86.8
3	Margaret	September 11, 1844	October 14, 1930		86.1
4	William	May 22, 1846	February 4, 1932		85.7
5	Sarah	November 28, 1848	January 7, 1931		82.1
6	Elizabeth	January 12, 1851	December 18, 1938		87.9
7	James	May 10, 1853	January 20, 1926		72.7
8	Thomas Henry	July 23, 1855	January 22, 1940		84.5
9	Reuben	September 1, 1857	June 2, 1945		87.8
10	Jane Callender	October 28, 1859	March 4, 1864	No	4.4
11	Hyrum Osro	February 17, 1862	January 8, 1943		80.9

Cynthia Lovina Berry Born 27 Feb 1833 Married 5 Aug 1851 WIFE #2					
C	Name	Born	Died	Md	Age Death
1	John Alexander	July 8, 1852	January 30, 1931		78.6
2	Royal Joseph	April 10, 1854	October 18, 1939		85.5
3	Janet Armelia	March 17, 1856	July 23, 1864	No	8.4
4	Robert Berry	December 20, 1857	March 24, 1949		91.3
5	Jesse Albert	February 15, 1860	September 15, 1860	No	0.6
6	Samuel Alonzo	June 14, 1862	June 29, 1923		61.0
7	Edward Shanks	June 3, 1864	August 3, 1865	No	1.2
8	Cynthia Melvina	July 8, 1866	January 10, 1869	No	2.5
9	Amos Berry	April 16, 1870	February 11, 1943		72.8

Mary Ann Carr Born 20 Feb 1841 Married 20 Jul 1856 WIFE #3					
C	Name	Born	Died	Md	Age Death
1	Ann	May 30, 1859	September 28, 1955		96.3
2	Laura Althea	February 8, 1861	May 20, 1925		64.3
3	Erastus	January 5, 1863	August 17, 1864	No	1.6
4	Archibald Eugene	October 26, 1864	March 1, 1946		81.3
5	Ella Carr	December 3, 1866	December 7, 1943		77.0

6	Nathaniel	December 5, 1869	October 15, 1952		82.9
7	Richard Carr	December 4, 1872	December 15, 1872	No	0.03
8	Maud	April 10, 1876	July 21, 1953		77.3

Leonora Cannon		Born 11 Sept 1840	Married 24 Jun 1863	WIFE #4	
C	Name	Born	Died	Md	Age Death
1	Mary Alice	June 8, 1865	December 14, 1954		89.5
2	George Cannon	January 10, 1868	December 12, 1942		74.9
3	Franklin Cannon	September 20, 1869	September 21, 1869	No	0.0
4	Lizzie Cannon	November 5, 1870	November 9, 1898		28.0
5	Susan Leonora	June 15, 1873	December 12, 1879	No	6.5
6	David Cannon	November 4, 1875	October 13, 1941		65.9
7	Rhoda Ann	April 21, 1878	May 24, 1967		89.1
8	Leonora Emma	August 8, 1880	May 29, 1889	No	8.8
9	Angus Cannon	October 17, 1882	November 19, 1957		75.1

37 Children Born

26 Lived to Adulthood and All Were Married

9-Dec-08

TABLE 3 - Pioneer Company Across Plains

**1847 Edward Hunter-Joseph Horne
Company**

**Departure Elkhorn River - 27 miles
west of Winter Quarters on 17 June
1847**

**Also known as the John Taylor
Company**

**Arrival Salt Lake Valley 28 Sept 1847
Individuals: 197 Wagons: 72**

Source LDS Church

Name - Last, First (Age in years)	Age	Name - Last, First (Age in years)	Age
Andrews, M. Dorcas Millikin (46)	46	Bringhurst, Robert Pierce (infant)	0
Andrews, Simeon (47)	47	Bringhurst, Samuel (34)	34
Aoutz, Anna (Unknown)	U	Bringhurst, William Augustus (8)	8
Arrowsmith, Elizabeth Taylor (28)	28	Brower, Ann Elizabeth (7)	7
Arrowsmith, John Taylor (5)	5	Brower, ArieH Coates (30)	30
Babcock, Adolphus (47)	47	Brower, ArieH Hussey (infant)	0
Babcock, AlberN (7)	7	Brower, Margaret Elizabeth (28)	28
Babcock, George (16)	16	Brower, Victoria Adelaide (5)	5
Babcock, Jerusha Jane Rowley (43)	43	Cain, Elizabeth Whitaker (19)	19
Babcock, John (4)	4	Cain, Joseph (25)	25
Babcock, Lucy (14)	14	Cannon, Ann (15)	15
Babcock, Permelia (9)	9	Cannon, George Quayle (20)	20
Bennion, Angeline Roberts (infant)	0	Cole, Jane Louise (8)	8
Bennion, Ann (1)	1	Cole, John (12)	12
Bennion, Esther Wainwright (28)	28	Cole, Mary Ann (5)	5
Bennion, Hyrum (infant)	0	Cole, Mary James (47)	47
Bennion, John (30)	30	Cole, Sarah (15)	15
Bennion, John Rowland (17)	17	Cole, William (18)	18
Bennion, Mary (3)	3	Corry, Andrew (1)	1

Bennion, Mary Bushell (31)	31	Corry, George (39)	39
Bennion, Samuel (28)	28	Corry, Janet (8)	8
Bennion, Samuel Roberts (4)	4	Corry, Margaret Climie (32)	32
Blackhurst, David (7)	7	Farrer, William (26)	26
Blackhurst, Ellen Stephenson (9)	7	Field, Mary (12)	12
Blackhurst, Joseph Brigham (1)	1	Fields, William (Unknown)	U
Blackhurst, William (40)	40	Gardner, Archibald (32)	32
Bloxham, Thomas (Unknown)	U	Gardner, Duncan Livingston (infant)	0
Bradford, Abigail Sprague (34)	34	Gardner, Jane (14)	14
Bradford, Mary Ann (15)	15	Gardner, Jane McKeown (24)	24
Bradford, Pleasant Sprague (4)	4	Gardner, Janet Livingston (26)	26
Bradford, Roswell (13)	13	Gardner, John (15)	15
Bradford, Sylvester (7)	7	Gardner, Margaret (2) (Robert)	2
Bradford, Tryphenia (1)	1	Gardner, Margaret Callender (70)	70
Bringinghurst, Anna Barr (5)	5	Gardner, Margaret Callender (5)	5
Bringinghurst, Eleanor Beitler (30)	30	Gardner, Margaret Livingston (28)	28
Gardner, Mary Jane (4) (Robert)	4	Oakley, Mary Madelena (23)	23
Gardner, Neil (6) (Archibald)	6	Orr, Cathrine Jackson (49)	49
Gardner, Neil Livingston (3)	3	Orr, Isabella (11)	11
Gardner, Robert (27)	27	Orr, James J. (Unknown)	U
Gardner, Robert (66)	66	Orr, Mary Ann (9)	9
Gardner, Robert (7) (Archibald)	7	Orr, Thomas (44)	44
Gardner, Robert Rierson (5) (Robert)	5	Orr, Thomas (15)	15
Gardner, William (44)	44	Park, Agnes Thompson (18)	18
Gardner, William (1) (Robert)	1	Park, Andrew Duncan (2)	2
Harker, Job (3)	3	Park, Hugh Duncan (7)	7
Harker, Joseph (29)	29	Park, James Duncan (17)	17
Harker, Susannah Sneath (26)	26	Park, Jane (5)	5
Harker, William Sneath (Infant)	0	Park, Jane Duncan (11)	11
Hoagland, Abraham (60)	60	Park, Jane Duncan (39)	39
Hoagland, Agnes Taylor (35)	35	Park, John (45)	45
Hoagland, Elizabeth (11)	11	Park, John Duncan (13)	13
Hoagland, Emily (9)	9	Park, Louesa (infant)	0
Hoagland, John (14)	14	Park, Louesa Smith (29)	29
Hoagland, Margaret Quick (45)	45	Park, Marian Ellen (13)	13
Hoagland, Peter (16)	16	Park, Marian Ellen (2)	2
Holmes, Elizabeth Cole (27)	27	Park, Mary Ann (4)	4
Holmes, Robert (31)	31	Park, Mary Ann Duncan (4)	4
Horne, Elizabeth Ann (1)	1	Park, William (42)	42
Horne, Henry James (9)	9	Park, William Duncan (9)	9
Horne, Joseph (35)	35	Pitchforth, Annie (6)	6
Horne, Joseph Smith (5)	5	Pitchforth, Mary Mitchell (21)	21
Horne, Mary Isabella Hales (28)	28	Pitchforth, Mercy Ann (14)	14
Horne, Richard Stephen (3)	3	Pitchforth, Samuel (20)	20

Hunter, Edward (53)	53	Pitchforth, Sarah Barbara (12)	12
Kelly, Ann (37)	37	Pugmire, Elizabeth (13)	13
Leach, Isabella Daniels (27)	27	Pugmire, Hannah (5)	5
Leach, James (32)	32	Pugmire, John (7)	7
Luckham, Mary (1)	1	Pugmire, Jonathan (48)	46
Luckham, Mary Gardner (40)	40	Pugmire, Joseph Hyrum (13)	13
Luckham, Roger (42)	42	Pugmire, Mary (40)	40
MacKay, Ann Cowley Rogers (48)	48	Pullin, Francis (45)	45
MacKay, Annie Rogers (9)	9	Pullin, Hannah (45)	45
MacKay, John (13)	13	Quayle, Catharine (10)	10
MacKay, Thomas Sloan (37)	37	Quayle, Catherine Killip (34)	34
Newton, Dolly Gridley (62)	62	Quayle, Henry (infant)	0
Oakley, Elizabeth DeGroot (52)	52	Quayle, John (14)	14
Oakley, Ezra (59)	59	Quayle, John (43)	43
Oakley, John DeGroot (27)	27	Quayle, Thomas (12)	12
Oakley, Margaret DeGroot (12)	12	Quayle, William (8)	8
Oakley, Mary Elizabeth (infant)	0	Rich, Agnes Taylor (25)	25
Rich, Elizabeth Taylor (5)	5	Taylor, Elizabeth Kaighan (35)	35
Rich, John Taylor (7)	7	Taylor, George John (13)	13
Rich, Samuel Taylor (3)	3	Taylor, James (64)	64
Robinson, Abigail Parsons (54)	54	Taylor, Jane Ballantyne (34)	34
Robinson, Isaac Parson (12)	12	Taylor, John (38)	38
Robinson, John (54)	54	Taylor, Joseph James (9)	9
Robinson, John (17)	17	Taylor, Josephine Cain (1)	1
Robinson, Lawrence (9)	9	Taylor, Leonora Cannon (51)	51
Robinson, Sarah Abigail (14)	14	Taylor, Lovina Chandler (24)	24
Rowley, Celestina (21)	21	Taylor, Mary Ann (11)	11
Sprague, Hezekiah (71)	71	Taylor, Mary Ann Oakley (21)	21
Staines, William Carter (28)	28	Taylor, Sophia Whitaker (22)	22
Sweeten, Margaret (9) (Mary Gardner)	9	Taylor, William (23)	23
Sweeten, Robert (6) (Mary Gardner)	6	Topham, John (22)	22
Symons, Helenora Graham (53)	53	West, Adelia Marie (7)	7
Symons, William (50)	50	West, Chauncey Walker (20)	20
Tarbet, Catharine (9)	9	West, Margaret (infant)	0
Tarbet, Eleanor Kelly (28)	28	West, Margaret H. (infant)	0
Tarbet, John (7)	7	West, Mary Hoagland (18)	18
Tarbet, Nephi (4)	4	Whitaker, George William Robinson (infant)	0
Tarbet, Thomas (34)	34	Whittaker, Eveline Parsons (20)	20
Tarbet, Thomas Moroni (2)	2	Whittaker, George (27)	27
Tattersall, Edward (69)	69	Whittaker, Harriet (31)	31
Taylor, Agnes (60)	60	Woodworth, Maria Louisa (44)	44
Taylor, Annie Ballantyne (41)	41	Wright, Alexander (43)	43

HAND CART MISSION DIARY

1857-1858 [not yet validated by reviewing microfilm]

(A spreadsheet (Table 4) showing the daily locations of their camp sites, based on Robert's hand written diary, is provided. In addition, a map is provided of the first two weeks of their travel. See back coversheet for a copy of the National Parks Service Map of the Mormon Pioneer Trail)

APRIL 1857

Wed 22nd. I left my family and home on Mill Creek at 7 o'clock in the morning. I was accompanied by Archibald who helped to haul my hand cart to the City. I went to the Endowment House and received my blessings and stayed all night with Samuel Mulliner.

Thur. 23^d. John W. Berry, David Brinton, and I had agreed to be partners across the plains. We loaded our cart and went to the Temple Square. After receiving some instructions from Orson Hyde, President Young came and told us to start. We were escorted by the brass band to the Canal. It seemed that the whole city and a great many of the country folk followed us that far. "God Bless You Brethren", was heard from nearly every mouth. They then gave us three cheers and returned to the City. It was there I separated from my sister, Mary and her husband. We then went on our journey, and took dinner at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. There I parted with my brother, Archibald and Rowsell Bradford. We then went up the Canyon about three miles, and camped by the Cold Springs.

Fri. 24th. This morning after prayer the Camp came together and organized for traveling. Henry Heriman was appointed President. W. H. Branch was appointed Captain of the Company; Brother Galley, Chaplain; Daniel McIntosh, Clerk; David Brinton, H. Pierce, L. Atwood, I. Terry, and T. Hall, were appointed Captains of tens. The carts which had been broken the night before were mended. Some started on and went over the Little Mountain, took dinner and then went up the Big Mountain to the Spring and camped for the night, and a cold night it was.

Sat. 25th. After prayer we started up over the top of the mountain, with hard pulling we reached the top. We there took a farewell view of the valley. We gave three cheers and started down the other side where the snow at times was 15 feet deep, until we reached Canyon Creek. There we took dinner and mended some broken carts. After dinner we rolled up our pants and forded the Creek. We then went down the side of the canyon to the point of the mountain to avoid two fords; but had to let our carts down with ropes. Twice the ropes broke and the carts ran two men into a pile of brush and the carts tipped over. We crossed a cold creek four times that evening. The water was often up to our middles.

Sun 26th. After Prayer we started, and crossed the Creek five times more, then left it and went over the divide to the Weber River. Here some of the men who were hauling flour from Devil's Gate were camped. They brought their horses and mules and helped us over the river. We camped with them that night; they were very kind to us. We had traveled 15 miles that day.

Mon. 27th. We started at 4 o'clock, traveled five miles and took breakfast in Echo Canyon. We then traveled 14 miles and camped for the night.

Tues. 28th. We traveled 23 miles, crossed Bear River and camped for the night. After dark it commenced to snow.

Wed. 29th. Everything was covered with snow, and it continued to snow until noon, we started then, but it was very hard pulling through the snow and mud. We traveled 18 miles, and camped at Soda Springs.

Thur. 30th. The snow was three inches deep. We traveled 15 miles to Fort Bridger. There I wrote a letter home to my family.

MAY - 1857

Fri. 1st. After repairing our broken carts we traveled 12 miles and camped on Smith's Fork.

Sat. 2nd. Started at half past 4 o'clock, went six miles to Blake Fork and took breakfast, then went twelve miles to Black Fork and took dinner; went a mile and a half crossed Ham's Fork and then went two and a half miles and camped.

Sun. 3rd. Traveled 26 miles to Green River. The river was two and a half feet deep. We crossed and camped.

Mon. 4th. We started at six o'clock, went to Big Sandy, 12 miles. We then went 16 and ½ miles to the next crossing on Big Sandy and camped.

Tues. 5th. Went eight miles to Little Sandy, had breakfast and then went 13 miles to Dry Sandy and camped for the night.

Wed. 6th. We traveled nine miles to Pacepick Springs on the South pass, there we took dinner, went over the divide and down to Sweetwater, 12 miles and camped for the night.

Thur. 7th. Took Senunall's [Seminoe] cut off on the South side of the Sweetwater and traveled five miles, took breakfast, and then went 15 miles and camped. The wind blew a hurricane all day and all night, and it snowed some.

Fri. 8th. Went seven miles to Nuday Creek, took breakfast, went 8 miles on the old road, then seven miles to the Ice Springs, then four miles to Sweetwater and one mile and camped.

Sat. 9th. Traveled 29 miles and camped on the Sweetwater.

Sun. 10th. Traveled 10 miles to Devil's Gate and remained for the day. Got new supplies. I wrote home. The mail arrived going to the States from Salt Lake.

Mon. 11th. Started at 10 o'clock and went to the Bridger's, on the Sweetwater, six miles, nine miles of heavy sandy road to Greasewood Creek and camped.

Tues. 12th. Went over Prospect Hill to Willow Creek Springs, 10 miles, then 13 miles and camped on dry hollow.

Wed. 13th. Traveled to [North] Platte River, 16 miles, then went five miles to the bridge over a very sandy road and camped.

Thur. 14th. Crossed the [North] Platte [River] Bridge to the south side, then went to the Muddy, six miles, took dinner and then 12 miles to the Platte Bottom.

Fri. 15th. Went to Deer Creek, 5 and ½ miles, took breakfast, went 9 miles to Fort Boyce. The afternoon was stormy.

Sat. 16th. Went 3 ¾ miles, took breakfast, then went to Laprel, five miles and ¼, then to the West Branch of Labanta, 14 ½ miles.

Sun. 17th. Went to the Big Labanta, 5 miles, took breakfast, then went over a very long trail 20 miles to the [North] Platte River.

Mon. 18th. Today we met O. P. Rockwell and B. Noph and went ten miles to their camp on Horse Shoe Creek. There we washed our shirts and camped. We heard someone fire a gun. We thought it was the mail.

Tues. 19th. John Murdock, the mail carrier, came to camp. He had left the mail to look for the camp and lay out all night. We looked for the mail to be in by eight o'clock so we crossed the creek and the mail drove up bringing G. A. Smith from the States, and Dr. [John M.] Bernhisel, our delegate to Congress, and T. O. Angle from England, on the way to Salt Lake. After they got breakfast, we received some good instructions from George A. Smith. We then went five miles to Spring Creek, took dinner, then went over a very high ridge where we had a hard thunder shower. We then went 8 miles.

Wed. 20th. We traveled 12 miles to where the Pioneer road and the River [North] Platte met, then 12 and ½ miles to Fort Laramie. Some soldiers came from the Fort to see us.

Thur. 21st. We purchased some supplies and crossed over on the Ferry to the North side of the [North] Platte River and traveled 9 miles.

Fri. 22nd. We traveled three miles, took breakfast on the Raw Hide Creek, then traveled 22 and ½ miles to the [North] Platte River. John Wickey killed a deer.

Sat. 23rd. Traveled five miles, took breakfast on [North] Platte. Gabrael and Huntsman killed an Antelope. After breakfast we traveled 23 miles, passing Scotts Bluff at 4 o'clock.

Sun. 24th. Passed Chimney Rock at nine o'clock. This rock stands on the south side of the [North] Platte River. Looking at it from a distance I would judge it to be a hundred and fifty feet high, shaped like a thin funnel, mouth down about a third of the height. It can be seen at a distance of three or four days travel from either end of the journey. It is nineteen and half miles east of Scotts Bluff. This day we traveled 27 miles.

Mon. 25th. We traveled 26 miles.

Tues. 26th. We traveled 21 and ½ miles to Sand Hill Creek and took dinner, we then went to Castle Creek, 4 ½ miles, and then 2 ½ miles and camped opposite Ashpalm.

Wed. 27th. We traveled 28 ½ miles and camped on Rattle Snake's Creek. Our provisions were nearly all gone and we tried greens.

Thur. 28th. We traveled five miles to a camp of the Snake Indians and traded with them for some Buffalo meat.

We then went 20 miles over a very muddy road.

Fri. 29th. We traveled five miles over a sandy bluff, and took breakfast. Here we met some emigrants from Missouri to California. We traveled 21 miles and camped on the [North] Platte. We had some rain today.

Sat. 30th. Our provisions were nearly gone. We took breakfast on Current Creek, mended one cart, then traveled 25 miles and again camped on the [Now just Platte River, downstream from the confluence of the North and South Platte Rivers] Platte.

Sun. 31st. We met some emigrants going to California, bought some provisions from them, and traveled 25 miles

JUNE 1857

Mon. 1st. We started at 3 A.M. Traveled 4 miles and took breakfast. E. Richardson killed two buffalo. We went five carts well manned to bring them in to Camp. After dinner we traveled 21 miles.

Tues. 2nd. At break of day, Charles Shumway and John Wimmer came into camp from Steward's Horse Trail. The train had been doing their best to catch our handcart company but could not. So they sent these two men who rode all night in order to overtake us. We then started and traveled to a slough on the south side of the road and took dinner. We traveled 32 ¼ miles this day.

Wed. 3rd. We traveled eight miles before breakfast at the Wood River. We then went to Purrara Creek and then 15 miles down the river.

Thur. 4th. We traveled 10 miles to the last crossing of the Purrara Creek and took dinner, then traveled across the country to a point near Loop Fork [Loup Fork River], 15 miles, to some old wells dug by emigrants.

Fri. 5th. We traveled two hours and came in sight of Loop [Loup] Fork River. We traveled 13 miles and took breakfast on the South side of the river. Part of the Company went to the river and killed an Elk. We traveled on a good road and made 25 miles this day.

Sat. 6th. This morning, John Berry and I went out to find a Ford but could not find one to suit us, so we traveled down the river. I. Young and H. Pierce started the night before to find a settlement and they sent out men with provisions. We met on the way. They had teams with which they helped us over the river, so we crossed to the North side at Marindale Camp, a new Mormon settlement, and they soon prepared dinner for us and supplied us with some provisions. We had a good meeting with them. We had traveled 10 miles that morning, and six that evening.

Sun. 7th. We passed a new settlement and a new town called Columbus. We traveled 20 miles that day.

Mon. 8th. We started at 4 o'clock and traveled 9 miles before breakfast on Shoal Creek. We traveled 21 miles more and camped on a little lake.

Tues. 9th. We started at 4 o'clock and traveled to Liberty Pole on the Platte River and took breakfast. We then traveled 12 miles to Elk Horn River for dinner then crossed the Ferry and traveled 12 miles thru a thinly settled country, and camped on Patea Creek.

Wed. 10th. We reached Florence on the Missouri River. It was a new town. We reached there 12 minutes before 10 o'clock making in all 48 days from the time we left Salt Lake City. This was a distance of 1,031 miles.

There were 75 men in the Company from 21 to 65 years of age. There were Americans, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Danish, Welsh, French, English, and Canadian. They were going to all these different countries. They were from all walks of life: farming, blacksmithing, merchants, clerks, bakers, shoe makers, millers, tanners, stone masons, and fishermen.

These were sent by the Lord through his Prophet, Brigham Young, to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the inhabitants of the earth without purse or script or any kind of money to all who would hear them, and to allow hearers to judge for themselves.

Our conveyances were handcarts. The wheels were about the size of the front wheels of a light buggy, with a light box about three feet square. Each cart accommodated from five to nine men. These carts were drawn with tugs and straps around our breasts, and some with straps and cross pieces on the front. They were built strong enough to carry from two to three hundred pounds. We had our provisions, blankets, cooking utensils, and other effects lashed on them. We had small tents which we put up for our shelter. Our carts were all painted and varnished, and printed on to suit the men bound for various nations. Some had on "Zion's Hope," "Zion's Herald", "Zion's Express", "Press Forward", "Allwisery", "The Mountain Lion", and so on.

The carts cost from \$25.00 to \$50.00 in Salt Lake. We sold them at Florence at Auction for from \$6.00 to \$12.00.

The country from Salt Lake to Laramie, 500 miles, is mountainous, rough, and rocky. There is no timber

except on the streams. Grass was plentiful and the roads in general were good. There were no settlers but occasional trappers or Indians. From Laramie to Florence, 531 miles, the road runs along the Platte River. The road is smooth and level except on some of the riverbanks. There was plenty of grass all the way, and timber part of the way. We used Buffalo chips for fuel. On the river Buffalo were very plentiful. I have seen droves seven miles long and nearly two miles wide. They were not very hard to kill and were good meat. Antelopes were also plentiful, but very wild. There were deer and bear as well as wolves. The bear and the deer kept more to the hills and the mountains.

The members of our Company are in better health than when they started. After taking dinner with Brother Rinney, Elder Woodert went with me to find William McKeown, my brother-in-law. We found him and family on Little Pigeon, 12 miles up the river. We were kindly received by him and family. I had not seen him for eleven years. How funny it feels to sit on a chair and drink from a tea cup, and sleep on a feather bed after crossing the plains where a man has to cook his own pan cakes, sit on the grass, and sleep on the sand.

JUNE 1857 - continued

Thur. 11th. This morning I was called up to go and tap a beehive, we then had a hurry up call to pack up and roll on. We were able to pack a fine mess of honey. William took me back to Florence in his buggy. Here I met the company, spent the afternoon in town, then returned in the evening with William.

Fri. 12th. I had some washing done and helped a man haul some logs to the mill for William. That evening I wrote a letter home.

Sat. 13th. I went and saw my wife's mother's grave. William and Steve White took me in their buggy to Crescent City where we found some of our Company. We took them and went to Bluff City. This is a wild place. While we were there Steam Boats came to the landing. We bought some provisions and started for the landing. We were four in Company: John Berry, David Brinton, James Andrus and myself. William and Steven White came with us to the river and stayed with us. The Steam Boat had left before we reached there. A terrible storm came up and we crawled under some tables on the beach.

Sun. 14th. We started for Omaha [NE], 8 miles up the river. The boats had gone. There we parted with William. As we parted he gave me some money and a new hat and a napkin. We crossed the river on the ferryboat and took our passage on the Steam Boat Minnehaha for St. Louis [MO] and started at 6 o'clock down the river and remained over night at Kansas City [MO].

Mon. 15th. After some repairs on the Boat we sailed down the river.

Tues. 16th. We passed St. Joseph [MO] at 6 A.M. I was taken sick about 10 o'clock.

Wed. 17th. At 1 o'clock we arrived at Lexington [MO] and there met Mr. Livingston from Salt Lake, who gave us an account of the report which had reached Salt Lake about the [Johnston's] Army making preparation to go to Utah. He said that 5,000 mules and horses and 600 wagons loaded with provisions for the troops are to be sent there this summer, but it was not expected that they would reach there this summer. It was very cold and might freeze. People were fearful that it would be a poor year for crops.

Thur. 18th. Was still very cold and cloudy. At six we passed Glasgow [MO] and at 3:30 P.M. we passed Jefferson City [MO]. The railroad runs up from St. Louis 175 miles.

Fri. 19th. The weather cleared and the morning was fine. We reached the mouth of the Missouri where it empties into the Mississippi, 18 miles above St. Louis. The Boat loaded at Santa Clause [MO, a suburb of St. Louis, MO], a very dark smoky place. We went to the Mayor's office.

Sat. 20th. We were still at Santa Clause and after looking around the place until we were disgusted with it, we devoted the remainder of our time to writing letters.

Sun. 21st. John Berry started for Tennessee. We attended a meeting at 10 A.M. and again in the evening. I ate dinner with a Sister McMaster.

Mon. 22nd. Was another very lonesome day waiting for the boys to get ready. I did some writing.

Tues. 23rd. Took Breakfast with Sister Edwards and she gave me a dollar. Charles Shumway and I purchased tickets on the Railroad for Toledo [OH]. We took an Omnibus to the ferry and crossed over and took the train.

Wed. 24th. Rode all night and arrived at 2 o'clock and stayed at a Tavern for the night.

Thur. 25th. We took passage on a Steam Boat called Ruby, from Toledo [OH] on the Lake Erie. We left at 9 o'clock. It cost \$1.50. It was a fine day and the trip was pleasant. We arrived at Detroit at the mouth of the St. Clair River at 2 o'clock in the evening. We stayed at the Tavern for the night and arranged to go on a boat to Port Sarnia [ON, Canada] the next day.

Fri. 26th. At half past 9 the boat left Detroit [MI, USA] for Port Sarnia and we had a fine day and landed there at

4:20 P.M. After securing our lodgings for the night at a Tavern we went into the woods and dedicated ourselves and the Land of Canada to the Lord, and asked his blessings to rest on us and the place. When it became known who we were and from where we had come it was, "Oh fools. How many wives have you, and how many has old Brigham? The soldiers are going there to kill all the Mormons." That was our reception at Sarnia.

Sat. 27th. We went over the river to Port Huron [MI, USA] and there we saw the elephant. A Circus was in town, and we met John Grary and went to Duncan McKellers Tavern and met Phebe McEllery's man and were well treated.

After dinner I went back to Port Sarnia to see James Porter about some money, but on account of the Circus I missed him. I returned to McKellers for the night. We went to a grove and called on the Lord in prayer.

Sun. 28th. After breakfast we went to the grove and held prayer and rested there for some time and then went to the Congregational meeting, after which Mr. McKeller invited me into his private room. I spent the balance of the forenoon with him and his wife, and in the afternoon they had me accompany them to the cemetery where three of their children were buried. They were very kind to me. In the evening, which was cool and showery, we sat on the porch. There I saw several of my old acquaintances.

Word had circulated around about our being there, and the old prejudices arose again, and we overhead from the passersby and the crowd that gathered remarks about the Mormons and Old Joe Smith and Brigham Young.

Mon. 29th. After breakfast we expressed our appreciation and gratitude to the McKellers and bid them goodbye. They had been very kind to us. We crossed the ferry to Port Sarnia and went in search of Mr. Forest, Mayor of the City. We found him in his office. We told him our business and he told us he would give us liberty to preach, but we could find no place to stay so we had to travel on to the country. We went about six miles and called on a man's place to get lodgings. He was hoeing corn and we introduced ourselves as preachers of the Gospel traveling without purse or script. He said he was not accustomed to keeping travelers, but such as he had he would give us. So we stayed and he and his family treated us very kindly.

Tues. 30th. The morning was very fine, but the roads were muddy and the afternoon rainy. We traveled up the road past Plimton and stayed at Mr. Anderson's home. He was an old Casteel Presbyterian, full of prejudices, but he made us welcome and treated us well.

JULY 1857

Wed. 1st. It was a very wet morning and we traveled through mud and rain. We called on an old acquaintance, Mrs. Shaw. When we knew her she was Betsey Mitchel. We ate dinner with her and then traveled on to the four line to Robert Brice's place and were received kindly by him and his wife. She is a sister to my wife, Jane. A great number of my acquaintances came in to see us that evening.

Thur. 2nd. Betsy, my wife's sister, did some washing for us, and in the afternoon it cleared up so that we helped Robert hoe corn. In the evening he went with us to the railroad at the back of my old lot.

Fri. 3rd. It was still stormy and roads muddy and they persuaded us to remain over another day. It cleared in the afternoon and we hoed some corn, and had a good visit and talk with them although that neighborhood where the Mormons used to stay is full of Taverns and drunken men and wickedness. In their own way those people are a very holy people, but they do not want to hear anything about Mormonism.

Sat. 4th. After breakfast I asked Robert Brice for the liberty to have prayer with the family before leaving. He gladly consented, so we prayed and blessed them, and then started East. We called and saw John Crag and his mother. Then we went down into the Adelaide Township. I called on one man and asked to stay all night, and offered to preach if we could get a church, but he could do nothing for us. We traveled on and called at another house. There a good looking old man sat at the door. His name was Philip Johns. After some talk he said we could stay. He and his family were very kind to us.

Some men gathered around and cursed and swore about Joe Smith and Brigham Young and his wives. We bore testimony to them that these men were Prophets of God, and the men went away.

Sun. 5th. After breakfast we were ready to go, but Mr. Johns invited us to stay. We gladly accepted the invitation. During the day some of the neighbors came in and were very sociable and Mr. Johns offered his house in which to hold a meeting and we gave out a notice of appointment for Sunday, two weeks from that date at 12 o'clock. This would be July 19th, and he was to publish it.

Mon. 6th. We left our blessings with this hospitable family and traveled East until noon and called at a house and received our dinner of bread and milk. We then journeyed on and called at a house and inquired for a

church in which to hold a meeting. The old man was anxious to have us hold one in the schoolhouse, so we gave out our appointment for six o'clock that evening, announcing it through the school. We only had a small congregation, but we did the best we could. I spoke on the first principles of the Gospel and bore my testimony that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were prophets of God. Brother Shumway bore testimony and made some remarks. There was no opposition. We were invited home by Mr. Peter Sinclair. The teacher was there for argument, but he made a very poor showing. All he could say was that Joe Smith's name was not in the Bible, so he would not have anything to do with him. We were kindly treated by Mr. Sinclair and he liked what we said, and invited us back.

Tues. 7th. We started for London and called at a house and asked to stay. The woman was an old Scotch lady, so she could not keep us, but she gave us our tea and was very kind to us. We traveled on and stayed at a Tavern.

Wed. 8th. We left our bundles at the Tavern and went into town. I called on John Wilson, a lawyer, about the money I had left with him or with James Porter eleven years ago, and he was to collect. I found it all right. He had collected \$320.00. I drew \$30.00 to buy me some clothes and pay back to Shumway what I had borrowed from him.

Mr. Wilson wanted to know if Mormonism was not all a "fug". If I told him there was no "fug" about it, but that it is the Truth of Heaven. He then asked what kind of people were up at Salt Lake. I told him they were the best I had ever lived with.

"Well," he said, "What kind of a man is Brigham Young".

I told him he was a gentleman, and the best man now on the Earth. At this he laughed and said it was all of the Devil. I told him he had a right to think what he pleased.

This afternoon we made our report to the Mission Presidency at New York, Elder W. I. Apelby, and also sent for two of "Parley's Voice of Warning" and Books of Mormon. We attended a meeting of the Church of England where they were trying to make a Bishop. They had two men nominated and quarreled about the election. Oh what a drove of black gowned Pharisees there were there.

Thur. 9th. After attending to some business we went again to the Church of England to see them finish their selection of a Bishop. They went through long ceremonies and regular nominating procedure and voted by ballot box in a political way. We remained until we became tired of the procedure and came away. In the afternoon I bought clothes or cloth to get some made, and some books, and then we walked around thru the town.

Fri. 10th. We went up the river and took a good bath, and then walked around the town and afterward back to our room and spent the remainder of the time writing. We had hired our board and lodgings and were awaiting for word from New York expecting it by Saturday.

Sat. 11th. Went to the Tailor's and got my clothes and to the Post Office expecting some mail, but no word came from New York.

Sun. 12th. We went to the Methodist meeting and heard the preacher tell a long story about what a mighty great person God was and about Angels hiding their faces behind their wings and etc.

Mon. 13th. I remained at my lodging place and copied my journal giving a description of Salt Lake Country and gave it to Mr. Wilson, the Lawyer.

Tues. 14th. I went down to Yarmouth to see about my sister's lot. The day was very warm. I reached there near night and found a man living on the lot. The taxes were all paid and the land was very valuable. I returned about two miles and stayed overnight at a Tavern.

Wed. 15th. I traveled the nine miles back to London, but only received a copy of the "Voice of Warning". There were no letters or papers.

When I returned to the Tavern where we were staying I met Mr. Wilson. He asked more questions and wanted to know if I had come back for more recruits, pointing to a young woman who happened to pass through the room and said, "I suspect you have come to steal the likes of her."

I replied that I never was a thief, and do not intend to commence stealing in London. He continued making slighting remarks. During the night a house burned down in London.

Thur. 16th. Wrote another letter to New York, not having received as yet the letter from the President.

Fri. 17th. Charles Shumway started for Adled to fill an appointment on Sunday at Philip John's place, and I remained in town and tried to get a place to preach in for Sunday, but all the Trustees refused me the use of the Halls. Each time I made an application there were fired at me a volley of slander against Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. However after meeting so much prejudice and slander I succeeded in getting permission from

a Mr. Glass to use the Fireman's Hall. He had a hundred questions to ask, but he was a pretty good-natured fellow.

Sat. 18th. I went and got 30 handbills printed at the Free Press Office, for which I had to pay \$1.00. I got them at 12 o'clock and posted them around town. They read like this: "Hear and Judge for Yourself. Preaching will be held at the Fireman's Hall on Sunday, July 19, 1857 at 3 o'clock P.M. by an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The remainder of the day I devoted to writing my journal.

Sun. 19th. I went to hear the Methodists at the Firemen's Hall at 10 o'clock, where I was to preach at 3 P.M. Their number was but few. I found that the handbills which I had posted the night before had been torn down. I had posted one on the Hall door and that was gone also. I was determined not to be bluffed, so I went and put up another and at the hour appointed was present and occupied the Pulpit seat.

I took as my text from II Peter Chapter 1, Verses 20 and 21. "Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in olden time by the will of man: but Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." I preached over an hour and gave out notice of another meeting for the next Sunday. In the evening I attended the Methodist meeting.

Mon. 20th. I settled my business and went out in the North Country. I stayed at Ralph Mardin's and was treated kindly, but I had no chance to preach. He gave me instructions on how I should preach and so on.

Tues. 21st. I started again, not knowing which way to go, and very lonesome, but I had always dedicated myself to the service of the Lord, and so I continued North. I called at a house during a rain shower and was invited to preach. I did so that night. I took for my text: "Go to all the World, teach them to observe all things etc." They seemed to like my preaching and I gave out another appointment. But in the morning they told me I could not have the house any more. They feared that people would talk about them for letting a Mormon come among them.

Wed. 22nd. Came back to town to write a letter home. There I again met Charles Shumway. I wrote part of my letter.

Thur. 23rd. This morning we met Thomas Hall who came to join us. He brought instructions from the Presidency in New York and we had a good time with him. He brought two numbers of the Book of Mormon from the office. They were the first we had received. After finishing my letter and sending it off by way of California, I went to see John Wilson, the Lawyer, and offered him the Book of Mormon and some of my other books to read, but he did not want to see them.

Fri. 24th. I wrote a letter to Duncan McKeller, Port Huron. I had a good talk with Mr. Glass, the gentleman who had charge of the hall in which I had preached. I am beginning to be known in town. Some call me the Prophet, some Joe Smith, and some Brigham Young. If I do not get the "Big Head." I will be all right.

Sat. 25th. Elder Shumway and Hall started for the country early this morning to preach. I performed Missionary work around the town and did all the good I could. I took the copies of the Book of Mormon and Mormon publications with me, and solicited subscriptions and tried to get the people to read our literature. When they would see the name of Mormon they would hand it back as if it were poison. That was the kind of luck I had as a solicitor. In the evenings we returned to our lodgings. All had the same luck. The people were filled with prejudice beyond all measure. I was informed by Mr. Glass that the people resented our using the hall. He had called a meeting to find their wishes regarding the matter, and asked that I call and see him at 10 o'clock that night. I went and was told that they had decided against me. I then told my feelings in regards to the matter and bore my testimony to him. I had arranged to hold a meeting on the morrow, and was disappointed as were my two companions, Shumway and Hall.

Sun. 26th. We started to find some place in which to hold the meeting and concluded to use the public square. We were forbidden to use that without permission from the Mayor. We applied to him and were not granted the privilege. We then went outside of the City limits, selected a place and advertised it the best we could. Brother Shumway and Hall went to the place selected and I went to the hall where we had previously announced the meeting. I there met the people who had assembled and notified them of the change of meeting place. There were some saints assembled and made it known who they were, and I had a hearty handshake once more with the brothers and sisters. How do you think I felt? You can judge for yourself. I then accompanied them to the place of our meeting. There were five men and seven women, some had come from Scotland this spring, some from St. Louis eight months since, but they were not organized. We had a very nice meeting and then went home with Brother and Sister I. B. Smith, where we had a good old time. We stayed with them all night.

Mon. 27th. We went back to our lodging place, settled our bill and got some more money from Mr. Wilson, and then took our things to the home of Brother I. B. Smith. There we called the Saints together and had a good

meeting.

Tues. 28th. In the afternoon I went out to talk to someone and tried to get them to read our paper, but they knew who I was and would neither talk nor read.

Wed 29th. In the afternoon we started north, not knowing whether it was best to keep together or to go alone. We went to the woods and prayed and agreed to do as the Spirit let. So when we came to the forks of the road, we felt that I should go north and Shumway and Hall go to the west. We then blessed each other and parted. I talked with several people but they all opposed me. Near night I asked for lodgings and was refused four times. I then asked for a ride from a man who was passing in a wagon. He gave me a ride until one o'clock at night. He lodged at a Tavern and invited me to remain over night with him. He was very kind to me and paid for my bed in the morning.

Thur. 30th. The Gentleman with whom I rode last evening, was George Oliver. He invited me to ride again with him, and he took me into Goodridge. I then went to the home of James Campbell, father-in-law of James R. Hamilton, and was kindly treated by him.

Fri. 31st. I wrote for permission to hold a meeting in the Fireman's Hall, but did not get an answer until Thursday morning, so I stayed out five miles from the town to see George Cook. His wife is a sister to James R. Hamilton. They received me very kindly.

AUGUST 1857

Sat. 1st. I spent the day raking hay with George Cook. After supper we went and fixed seats in his brother's barn so as to hold a meeting the next night. He sent his boy around the neighborhood to notify them of the meeting.

Sun. 2nd. I spent the day reading, up to the time of the meeting, and then went and preached to a barn full of people. The Spirit did not give much liberty. They were all quite tough. Some made fun of me and what I said. One man said, "How could any more scripture come down from Heaven? When John had said there was nothing to be added or taken away from His Book." He like most others, thinks the Gospel is a book. He tried to argue, but could not. I was hoarse from preaching and did not say much.

Mon. 3rd. I helped Mr. Cook haul hay, but did not get much chance to talk Mormonism to him. That evening his Brother David came over and we had some talk. I quoted Scripture and bore my testimony of the Divinity of the work of the Lord to my great satisfaction. But he was not receptive to it and said he was through with Mormonism. We both were satisfied.

Tues. 4th. I started back to Goodridge to get an answer about the use of the hall for which I had made application. I returned to Campbell's in Goodridge, and ate dinner with Mrs. Campbell and then went to see Mr. Rees about the hall. As usual, his answer was "no". He said a great many wanted to hear me preach, and he thought I might get some other place, it reminded me "Be Ye fed and clothed, but I cannot give ye anything to eat or wear." I then started east by way of Stratsburg to see a man by the name of Casey. I traveled 20 miles after one o'clock, and it was a wet and dismal day. I lodged that night at a Tavern in a town known as Harperhays.

Wed. 5th. Another lonesome day. I passed through Stratsburg, and got to Casey's place at Shakespear before six o'clock, a distance of 33 miles. I got a chance to ride some in a wagon. I had a little chance to talk to Casey, but his mind seemed to be taken up with the things of the world, he had not time to talk much with me. He took me that night to Brother Bennett's and then returned to his home.

Thur. 6th. After dinner I went to the home of Bennet, and stayed all night with him. He treated me kindly, but Mormon's who do not gather with the Saints when they have a chance get very dry. We must try to bring them to life.

Fri. 7th. Traveled 12 miles to Brother Chadwick's. Helped him to harvest wheat, and stayed with him that night. In the evening I went to hear a Phrenologist lecture.

Sat. 8th. Started for London. Chadwick came with me a mile and gave me two dollars. After traveling two or three miles, I found that I had lost my book, the Compendium, so I went clear back, but did not find it. I traveled all day, and reached London after dark, very tired and lame. I had traveled 34 miles, but was glad to meet Shumway and Hall and Brother Smith and family and sisters. I washed my feet and was given a good supper, and we praised God together.

Sun. 9th. Shumway and Hall had an appointment at Westminster, so I went with them to meeting. When we returned the Saints had commenced their meeting in Brother Smith's home. I then took charge of the business matters, and proceeded to organize the Branch. Thomas H. Smith was sustained to be President of the

Branch. Alexander Graham was sustained as teacher and Richard Mills as Clerk. The meeting was interesting and a good Spirit prevailed.

Mon. 10th. I wrote a letter to Bishop Reuben Miller and gave an order to Charles Shumway on Mr. Wilson for \$20.00. He started to see his brother-in-law at Milwaukee. After dark I BAPTIZED James H. Smith and an Alexander Graham. I ordained Smith an Elder to preside over the Branch.

Tues. 11th. I wrote a report to the Presidency in New York to be published in the "Mormon".

Wed. 12th. I was not well and stayed at Brother Smith's.

Thur. 13th. Brother Hall and I started out East to try and get a job of harvesting, for the people were all busy saving their grain. We could not get a chance to preach, so we thought it no harm to try and work for a few dollars, as we needed some money. We traveled 7 or 8 miles and got no work. I then said to Brother Hall, "Inasmuch as you are not accustomed to harvesting, you had better go back to London and attend to the appointments and I will go on and get work." To this he agreed and went back and I traveled on 'til nearly night and was tired, but got no work. I saw a man shocking wheat and inquired of him about work, but he knew of no one who needed help. I asked him to let me stay all night, but he said that on account of his children he had no place for me. I said I would be glad to sleep in his barn. He said, "I might as well keep you", and the next day I cradled for him and that evening helped him finish his days work.

Fri. 14th. I worked with a very heavy cradle all day, and was very tired but I had plenty to eat and drink.

Sat. 15th. Cradled all day and was more tired than the day before. He found a place where I could get more work.

Sun. 16th. Stayed all day with them and slept, read and prayed and rested in his barn. They were very kind to me.

Mon. 17th. It was a very wet day. He paid me my money - \$2.50 - and invited me to stay all day or until it stopped raining, but I did not wish to impose on him for he and his wife had been very kind to me. His name was Patrick Halpir.

I started to go to Crawford to look for more work at Mill writing, for the day was too wet for harvesting, but my mind was impressed to come back to London and then start out preaching. So when I came to the railroad I turned to go to London and traveled four or five miles, but the day was wet and I was tired so I paid \$.25 to ride on the car to London, ten miles.

When I arrived at the home of Brother Smith, I found Brother Twitchell and Brother McCrarry, two of the Hand Cart boys, there with Brother Hall. They all welcomed me. That evening we were invited to take supper with Brother and Sister Ayers. We had a good time with them, and sang and prayed until late.

Brother Hall and McCrarry were going to Mt. Pleasant to preach and Brother Twitchell and I were to travel together so we prepared to stay until the next day and have a Fast Day service, to which all were agreed.

Tues. 18th. This was our Fast Day and we all agreed to write the thing that was in our hearts and that we wished the Lord to do for us, and if we were agreed and after it was written to be read and recorded in our journals. Mine read: "My heart's desire before God, is that we might have an increase of Faith, and a sufficient quantity of the Holy Ghost to comprehend and set forth to the world, the Gospel in a way which will please our Heavenly Father, and wisdom always to conduct ourselves like men of God, and have the Comforter with us." So each wrote in his own journal, and we were all agreed in our desires, though we might have differed in some words.

Our whole intention was to fast and pray before the Lord, that we might get more of the Spirit of the Lord to enable us to preach and live our religion. That was a great benefit to us, and we had a good meeting that night. At 12 o'clock that night Brother Hall and Brother McCrarry left for Paris on the car to go and preach.

Wed. 19th. Twitchell and I stayed at Brother Smith's and I wrote a letter to William McKeown in Iowa. We felt that the Spirit of the Lord had increased on account of the fast.

Thur. 20th. We started to travel and preach, starting North on the gravel road six miles and turning to the West and traveled a few miles where we called at a house to get a drink of water, and found there was a Methodist Meeting house near there. We went in search of the Trustees and got their consent to hold a meeting that night at early candle light. We had quite a number to hear us. Brother Twitchell spoke lengthily and to the point. I followed his remarks and we had good liberty. We were invited home and stayed all night with a Mr. Peters and they treated us very kindly.

Fri. 21st. Started west and called at a Mr. Marden's where we got the key to the meeting house the night before. We talked to them of Mormonism and read our beliefs and they received it first rate, and invited us

when we came again to come and stay with them, and promised to try and get the meeting house for us again. We went on West and turned into the Woods and read and prayed. After this we traveled West to the town line of Lobo and called at a house and got our dinner and inquired for a church in which to hold a meeting. We found that there was a Methodist Chapel two miles south in charge of a storekeeper. We found him in company with a Methodist Priest, but we could not get the house. So we traveled back North and called at the home of an old Presbyterian and got supper. He told us to go to Comaks where the people were sinners. So after supper we traveled some miles and stayed at a house in the woods and were kindly treated.

Sat. 22nd. It is a very wet morning. Started east to the gravel road. Very muddy and wet. The roads were so very bad that we went back to London and were kindly received by the Saints.

Sun. 23rd. Spent the day reading and met with the Saints at night. Brother Twitchell and I talked to them on the necessity of reforming and living our religion, and they drank in all we said, and the Spirit of the Valley ran from heart to heart. Brother Twitchell was anxious to talk to some of the big men of the city privately.

Mon. 24th. Twitchell started out to try the big folks, and I stayed at Brother Smith's. In the evening Twitchell returned, but had not much success talking with the big folks, however, he had some talk with a shoe maker.

Tues. 25th. After breakfast Twitchell and I started east. We traveled until after dinner and called at a house and asked for something to eat. We were not asked to sit down. A girl thinly spread two thin slices of bread and as we in the door did stand, she reached them to us in our hands. The bread was so thin it did not satisfy and after a while we called at another house and got some bread and milk and bore our testimony to the Gospel being revealed, then traveled until dark through a low swampy road and got to stay with a mighty religious man, but were kindly treated.

In the evening we tried to get a schoolhouse in which to hold a meeting, but one of the trustees refused us.

Wed. 26th. We started East and then turned north and East and went thru a mud swamp and then came to a schoolhouse. We asked the trustee if he would let us preach in it, but he would not grant it, but he gave us our dinner and told us of a man named Gleason who lived in that neighborhood who was a Mormon. We went to his place and found that he was not a Mormon but his wife, a good old lady, was. He was not at home, but we stayed all night.

Thur. 27th. We went to the Trustees and were granted the use of the schoolhouse in which to hold a meeting at early candle light, and returned to Mr. Gleason's. By this time he had returned home. About noon it began to rain and continued all evening, so we did not have a meeting.

Fri. 28th. Although a damp morning we went down by the schoolhouse and called at the home of Mr. Gleason's son and gave out notice of another meeting for tonight through the school, and then returned to Mr. Taylor's and had a good talk with him and took dinner with him. After dinner I went with his son and bound wheat and Twitchell stayed and talked with him. In the evening there was a very heavy shower. We stayed and had supper and then went back to Gleason's and got candles and went to the meeting house, but the night was wet and only a few came. We preached some of the first principles of the Gospel and then gave out a notice of a meeting at 10 o'clock Sunday, and came back to Mr. Gleason's.

Sat. 29th. A dull morning. We stayed all day at Mr. Gleason's and read the Scriptures.

Sun. 30th. A fine clear morning and some frost. We went to the Meeting house and quite a large number met. Brother Twitchell preached and gave a good discourse. I followed his remarks, and we both had good liberty. We preached about two hours and promised to hold a meeting again when we returned from the East. We intended going about 20 miles. We returned to Mr. Gleason's and after dinner we went to hear a Baptist Minister preach. His text was in the 34th Chapter of Ezekiel 5th and 6th verses. We returned to Mr. Gleason's and stayed all night.

Mon. 31st. After breakfast we started to go to Adam Chadwick's, two miles east. After traveling 9 miles we called at a house and inquired the way. They asked us to take dinner. We did so, and they were very kind and we were very thankful. They asked us to make them a good prayer. So we prayed with them and felt to bless them in our hearts. We then went to Chadwick's and stayed all night. We found them very kind.

SEPTEMBER 1857

Tues. 1st. After having some talk with Brother Chadwick, we found there was some trouble between him and Brother Bennett which they could not settle, so we started to go to Bennett's 12 miles to try and get them reconciled to one another. We reached there in the evening and sent for Brother Casey and he stayed and chatted with us until quite late.

Wed. 2nd. After I talked to Brother Bennett about the matter between him and Brother Chadwick, I talked to them on the subject of the Reformation. We then started back to the Gleason settlement, and after following the gravel road some distance we turned west to take a nearer way and got into swampy wild country without any road. We got through about five o'clock and were very tired. We called at a house and asked to stay all night but they had no way for us to sleep, but gave us some bread and butter, for which we were thankful. We traveled on and asked at seven different places before we could get to stay. The last place was a Tavern. By this time it was late at night and the Landlord was away from home, and his wife could not promise to keep us without money, but we stayed until late for him to come home and at last she told us to go to bed.

Thur. 3rd. In the morning the Landlord gave us quite a scolding and said we were able to work and had no business preaching. We offered to work for him to pay for our bed, but he would not take it, so we thanked him and left. We called at a home and got breakfast and came back to the Gleason schoolhouse and gave out another appointment. We had a full house and preached about an hour and a half, and they were all quite attentive. We stayed all night at Gleason's.

Fri. 4th. Sister Gleason gave us one dollar and we started back for London, 25 miles, and reached there before sundown. We met Brother Shumway and Brother Smith's family, and were all glad to meet Brother Hall and Brother McCrarry who had returned to London.

Sat. 5th. After dark I **RE-BAPTIZED** Sister Smith, her mother and sisters, Rachel and Jane, then we returned to the house and they were confirmed under the hands of Brothers, Shumway, Twitchell, Smith and myself.

Sun. 6th. This was our Fast Day. We had meeting at 11 o'clock in Smith's house. Only a few attended but there was a first rate Spirit in the meeting. At 4 o'clock Shumway had an appointment four miles out in the country.

We went and filled this. Brother Shumway and I preached about an hour and a half to a full house. We returned to Smith's after the meeting.

Mon. 7th. We held a council meeting among ourselves at the home of Brother Smith this day about our manner of travel. It was decided that Shumway and I should travel together and Twitchell would go with McCrarry. In the afternoon I went to Wilson and got \$20.00 in money and bought some clothes and boots. The weather was getting cold, I loaned Brother Twitchell \$1.80 to get him two pairs of garments and a shirt.

Tues. 8th. A very cold morning. There were nine of us waiting at Brother Smith's for our papers and expecting to get letters.

Wed. 9th. Stayed at Smiths.

Thur. 10th. I was taken sick. The Saints had a meeting at Brother Smith's, but I was too sick to meet with them.

Fri. 11th. We got ready to start and I gave Shumway an order on Wilson for \$7.00 and let him have five of it and I kept the other two.

We had dinner with Brother and Sister Ayers. It was before we got ready to start. In our mail we got the Newspaper, "Mormon" and a letter from Brother Wardner Wistring who wanted my address, Brother Smith sent my address to the Office.

We held prayer and started. Brother Twitchell went east, Brother Shumway and I went north. While we were traveling along a man with a wagon overtook us and asked us to ride. On the way we gave him to understand that we were Mormons. He stopped at a Tavern to rest and we sat down in the stable. The landlord came out and talked to us and when Supper was ready he invited us in to eat and asked us to stay all night. At supper we had a fine talk with him and his family and the man with whom we rode. After supper Mr. Snipley, who gave us the ride wished us God Speed and went home. Mr. Rudand and his wife treated us very kindly.

Sat. 12th. We traveled some miles north and then turned west and called at an Englishman's house to inquire for a schoolhouse in which to hold a meeting, but we found the people were all going to a Camp Meeting. They gave us our dinner, and we had some talk with their school teacher and went on. We asked at three different houses before we could get to stay all night because they did not like our religion. We finally were received at the home of a Welshman and slept in his barn.

Sun. 13th. We traveled north and the day was very hot and we turned into the woods and rested most of the day. In the evening we traveled west and got into a swamp and had to turn back. We then called at a house to ask to stay all night and they asked us to take supper with them. They had a Preacher with them. He asked us where we were from and when we told him we were from Salt Lake he jumped up and shook hands with us and thanked God that we had escaped that monster, Brigham Young and that our souls were saved and we were just the men he wanted to see. But how awful was his disappointment when we told him Brigham Young was a true Prophet of God, and that we had not left Mormonism, but had come to preach it. He commenced to argue against us, but in his arguments showed himself to be everything but a Gentleman. We found that we

could not stay all night so we left and traveled until dark, and asked eight times before we could get to stay, but we made out at last.

Mon. 14th. A very wet morning. After it quit raining we traveled north came to a schoolhouse, and went to one of the Trustees to get liberty to preach, and he gave us nothing but abuse, so we went on and called at an old Irishman's and got dinner, then we traveled west through a very rough country of hills and hollows. What road there was, was very rough through thistles and brush. We began to think we were getting nowhere but came at last to a house and asked to stay. The woman said they could not keep us, but when we told them we were preachers, she said we might stay, and they were very kind to us.

Tues. 15th. They told us there was to be a meeting at 11 o'clock about a mile and a half from there. A Presbyterian Minister was going to preach and they were going. They thought we could get the schoolhouse to preach in at night. We went and our application for the house was approved. We announced our meeting for six o'clock that night. We went to hear the Presbyterian Preacher but he did not come, so they invited us to fill the appointment. The Baptists were glad, but some of the Methodists didn't like it.

We preached again at 6 PM as per appointment, after having had a good supper at the home of the Trustee, Mr. McVicker, a Baptist. Peter Carthro, a Baptist, invited us home with him and treated us kindly. He laughed and said, "You have used up the Methodists and Presbyterians and preached our Baptist doctrine."

Wed. 16th. Started toward Lake Huron and came to a Methodist Meeting house and tried to get a chance to preach, but could not. However, we got our dinner. The evening was wet and we started into a swamp without any road in the woods, and a Highland Scotchman who could scarcely talk any English to show us the way, and a hell of a way it was for we traveled some miles through that swamp in the rain and stayed all night at a man's house. His name was Rion and we were used very kindly.

Thur. 17th. The country toward the Lake was not much settled and the road was bad and the weather wet, so we turned to the settlement where we had been and stopped at a house while it rained and got dinner. We went back to the place of one Mister Young and asked to stay all night. They said we were welcome if we could put up with their accommodations. So we stayed and had supper. Mrs. Young's sister called in and invited us to her house and said she could give us a better bed. We went home with her and she treated us very kindly and offered her house for a meeting. Her husband was gone from home.

Fri. 18th. We concluded to hold a meeting and she sent word around the neighborhood and we went back to Mr. Young's and took dinner with them and returned to her house to arrange seats for the meeting. By this time her husband had come home. His name was George Towle. He got the seats fixed and we had a full house. After the meeting we gave them a chance to ask questions or say anything they wished to say for or against what they had heard and we had nothing said. We were invited home and stayed all night with a Mr. Margson. We were invited to come and take dinner with a Baptist the next day.

Sat. 19th. After breakfast we started and called at Mrs. Young's and saw her sick boy and then went to Mr. Margson's and had our dinner and then went to Mr. Cather's where we had stayed one night before.

Sun. 20th. I went with Mr. Cather to their Sunday School. He was the Superintendent and invited me to take part with them, but I got excused. He asked me if I would preach for them at 2 o'clock. I said I would if he got liberty for me to do so. So he gave out notice of the meeting and asked me to dismiss the school. I did and that made the Methodists mad.

We went to Mr. Cathers and had dinner. When we returned to the meetinghouse to preach, the people were gathered but door was locked by the Methodists, and they would not consent to let us in. It made three fourths of the people angry and they had a hard dispute among themselves. We offered to preach on the street, but there was so much feeling and confusion that we did not get to preach. Some said that they were not going to hear such stuff as Mormonism preached there. One man said, "Joe Smith was shot stealing a man's wife", and a great deal more of such things were said.

We offered twice to preach outdoors, but the contention was so great that we left without holding a meeting. Mr. Margson gave out an appointment for a meeting at his house for us to be held on Tuesday night. We then returned to Mr. Cather's and stayed all night.

Mon. 21st. We traveled to the south and tried to get the liberty of a schoolhouse to preach in at candlelight and stayed all night with a Mr. Cameron.

Tues. 22nd. We traveled west through a new settlement. In the evening we returned to Mr. Margson's where we were going to preach. There were a great many who came out, and the devil came also in the shape of a Methodist. In the meeting he showed himself.

Wed. 23rd. We felt that we had done all the good we could in that place. We called at Cathers and they insisted

on us staying for dinner and were very kind to us. They seemed to believe all we said. We then traveled toward London through the woods and stayed all night at a house on the Sauble. They were very kind.

Thur. 24th. We continued our way toward London. We stopped at a Welsh house and asked to get something to eat or dinner. When the woman found out that we were Mormons she gave us some crusts. We then got the liberty from two trustees to have a meeting in a schoolhouse. We went to a house close by and asked if we could stay after meeting, but they said they could not keep us. However, they took in another man who called before we left. We went to the meeting and preached a plain Gospel sermon and bore a faithful testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet. We preached about two hours. When we closed the Trustees gave liberty to any who wished to voice objections of the doctrine we have advocated, but no one spoke. Then they said, "What they have preached was true, and they proved it by scripture." But this Joseph Smith they could not receive for if he had been a true Prophet the law would have protected him and they said, therefore we are assured the doctrine is founded on Whoredom and we will have no more of such stuff.

Before we closed I said, "We are strangers and would be glad if someone would give us a nights lodgings," but no one spoke so we waited until they had laughed, and scoffed and gone away, then we traveled on in the dark, tired and weary. We came to a barn and stayed there until morning. It was a very cold night.

Fri. 25th. We traveled to London and found Hall and Twitchell at Smith's. They were so glad to see us they shook us nearly to pieces and told us we were called home. I received a letter from William McKeown telling the same, and it was glad tidings. I then began to plan the best way to get money.

Sat. 26th. I went to Wilson's to get my money, but he was away from home. His clerk gave me \$80.00. Shumway was to go to Port Sarnia to get my bundle and meet us at Detroit. I gave him \$10.00 in money and I intended to settle with Wilson on Monday.

Sun. 27th. I packed up my things and we had a meeting in Smith's at 11 o'clock and at 6 o'clock in the evening. This was to be our last meeting in London [Ontario, Canada]. We exhorted the Saints to be faithful.

Mon. 28th. I went to Wilson's and drew \$166.00 being the balance coming to me, and I lent I. H. Smith \$40.00 and gave Mrs. Smith \$4.00. I went to the bank and changed \$100 in bills for \$99.00 in gold. Then we had prayers with Brother Smith's family and started for the railroad station and bought our tickets to Detroit for \$3.25. The train had gone and we had to pay \$.50 each for lodgings that night.

Tues. 29th. Met Shumway in the Station House and bought our tickets to Iowa for \$6.25 second class, and when we reached Rock Island we had to pay \$1.15 extra to ride on first class, otherwise we would have had to remain over for a half a day.

Wed. 30th. Arrived in Iowa about 10 o'clock and I had taken sick the night before and had to remain there that day. We bought tickets on the Stage to Council Bluffs for \$18.75.

OCTOBER 1857

Thur. 1st. In the morning I was some better. We paid our bill at the Tavern which was \$2.00 and went to the Stage Office. The stage was to start at one o'clock. I bought two pairs of blankets for \$5.00 and a pair of boots for Twitchell for \$2.75 and 75 cents worth of cheese and crackers. We left for Council Bluffs on the above stated time and rode all night.

Fri. 2nd. Still riding in the Coach, and I was very sick.

Sat. 3rd. Started at 4 o'clock in the morning and rode all day and night. Very tiresome riding.

Sun. 4th. A very wet morning. About 4 o'clock we arrived in Bluff City. Shumway and Twitchell started for Cinahaw on foot, and I got our carpet bags or sacks and went in the Omnibus to Omaha at dark and we started for Florence on foot. The night was dark and the roads were muddy. We reached Brother Keeler's before he had gone to bed and remained over night with him and found that the Express had started for the Valley two days before we reached there.

Mon. 5th. After breakfast we started through town and found some more of the Brethren. William Carter and John Weekley had gone to Genoa to get a mule and try to go through with the Express, but it was uncertain about their going. Horace Eldridge and President Phelshaw had gone to inquire if there was a chance for us to get home this winter. They were expected back in four days. It looked very dull, but we kept a stiff upper lip and will do the best we can and trust in the Lord.

After dinner Shumway and I went over the river to Christon City and stayed all night with Joel Johnson in Widow Babett's place. We thought we could get some mules there, but could not.

Tues. 6th. After breakfast I started up to William McKeown's and found them all well.

Wed. 7th. I returned to Florence and met Brother Shumway and we stayed all night at Brother Rubel's.

Thur. 8th. I spent another very sunny day with the boys waiting for the report of Horace Eldridge and President Phelshaw upon their return from Genoa. We were again entertained for the night at Brother Rubel's.

Fri. 9th. About noon William McKeown came over the river to see me and offered me his horse if I were going through. He stayed all night with us at Rubel's.

Sat. 10th. William went home and I went to the Ferry with him and came back to Brother Kinney's and was sick all day. In the evening Brothers H. Eldridge and Phelshaw and John Weekley returned from Genoa and I stayed another night at Brother Kinney's.

Sun. 11th. The Saints had a meeting at 10 o'clock and they met again in the evening. We missionaries met in council with Brothers Eldridge and Phelshaw, whose report we had been anxious to receive regarding our return home. It was understood that provided we could outfit ourselves with four mules or horses and good outfits we might start home.

Mon. 12th. We all started to hunt for mules and horses but could not secure any in Florence. We all started over the river to Crescent City. John Weekley and Carter went up to Fisher's to try him for horses and Shumway and I went to William McKeown's and Twitchell stayed at Crescent City that night. I had a shake of ague.

Tues. 13th. We returned to Crescent City and met Weekley there. He had not made a purchase for the trip so we concluded to give up trying to go this fall, but try and get work. I hauled a load of hay in the evening for the Widow Babbett.

Wed. 14th to Sat. 17th. Brother Shumway and I commenced to cut hay for Widow Babbitt, and on Saturday I went up to Johnson's farm and cut corn with Weekley, Carter and Twitchell.

Sun. 18th. It was a snowy, rainy day. We all started down to Crescent City and met McCrary and William Smith who were just returning from Canada. The Saints had a meeting at 10 o'clock and we met with them. We attended meeting again at night and remained over night at Widow Babbitt's.

Mon. 19th to Thur. 22nd. Hauled hay and wood and chopped for Sister Babbitt.

Fri. and Sat. 23rd and 24th. This morning a little before daylight the widow Babbitt died, and after breakfast I went up to the farm and dug potatoes. I went to Bluff City and dug Widow Babbitt's grave. I stayed all night at Sister Babbitt's.

Sun. 25th. Went to meeting at 10 o'clock and again in the evening,

Mon. 26th to Sat. 31st. I went up to I. Johnson's farm and cut corn and dug potatoes.

NOVEMBER 1857

Sun. 1st. I went down to Crescent City and went to meeting at one o'clock and in the evening.

Mon. 2nd to Wed. 4th. Dug potatoes, gathered squash, and hauled wood.

Thur. 5th. Hauled a load of wood and the last load of potatoes. Settled with Ion Johnson and got a mule from him. Was to have given him four months work beginning November 1st.

Fri. 6th to Tues. 10th. Rought and Snowy. I picked over potatoes in the cellar, repaired the stable and shed and worked on Smith's house.

Wed. 11th to 14th. Worked on Smith's house and built a pigpen.

Sun. 15th. I was home all day. Brother Carter sold and delivered 23 pigs and 12 chickens and went down to Crescent to a meeting in the evening.

Mon. 16th. Went to Bluff City with the team and bought 528 feet of lumber and 1,000 laths for Johnson.

Tues. 17th to Thur. 19th. Sorted potatoes, took a load down to Crescent, hauled wood and piled things around the house.

Fri. 20th to Sat. December 5th. Gathered corn, hauled wood, husked corn.

DECEMBER 1857

Sun. 6th. Brother Piper and G. Godert called at Johnson's to see us and Gabriel Huntsman returned that far from his mission from Canada. I wrote to I. H. Smith in St. Louis and then went to meeting at night.

Mon. 7th to Sat. 19th. Went to mill, hauled lime and wood and fixed a sleigh. Taled corn and went over to Florence in the evening to meeting. Threshed wheat, did chore work, hauled straw and wood and husked corn.

Sun. 20th. Carter and I went up to William McKeown's and while coming home we overtook Weekley and William Smith coming to Crescent City.

Mon. 21st. Hauled wood and went to Crescent City at night and saw the boys in Johnson's room upstairs.

Tues. 22nd to Thur. 24th. Working at the corn and husking it.

Fri. 25th. Christmas. Spent the day around the house and went down to Crescent in the evening for Johnson with the team. After supper took him and his family down to Crescent to a Ball, then came back and to bed.

Sat. and Sun. 26th and 27th. I rode my mule down to Crescent to see Brother Homer on business. Called at the Post Office and received a letter from Samuel Riter in St. Louis. Went around by Shumway's shanty and husked corn in the evening. Sunday evening drove Mr. Johnson and family over to visit the Bartons.

Mon. 28th to Wed. 30th. Husked corn and went to the mill after dark.

Thur. 31st. Finished the corn husking and in the evening drove the team to Council Bluff City with Johnson and family to a party. I stayed at Sherman's until they got ready and we returned home; reached there about 2 o'clock in the morning.

JANUARY 1858

Fri. 1st and Sat. 2nd. Drove the Johnson family to another party. Stayed all night at Brother Kinek's, and returned the Johnson family to their home. There was no snow on the ground and though days were warm like summer, although we crossed the Missouri River on ice.

Sun. 3rd. I wrote a letter to Samuel Riter and David Runter in St. Louis and met in council in the evening.

Mon. 4th. Carter and I killed hogs and went to Shumway's shanty in the evening.

Tues. 5th to Sat. 9th. Salted pork, did chores and hauled wood.

Sun. 10th. Wet morning, rained very heavy all day, and every hollow ran like a river. In the evening turned to snow.

Mon. 11th to Fri. 15th. Snow three inches deep, I hauled logs and wood and went to Florence. Thursday was sick with a bad cold.

Sat. 16th. Was some better and went up to William McKeown's. His youngest child had his hand badly burned.

Sun 17th. Returned from William McKeown's to Crescent and attended meeting at night.

Mon. 18th to Sat. 23rd. Hauled wood, went to the river and took Sister Johnson down to the Bluffs. It was wet and there were hard bolts of thunder. The mud was six inches deep. I killed pigs Saturday.

Sun. 24th to Fri. 29th. Cloudy and some rain. I repaired a stable, sorted and sacked potatoes in the cellar, and it gave me a bad cold.

Sat. 30th. Hauled wood to Crescent City. In the evening I was taken with an awful pain in my hand and arms.

Sun. 31st. Was sick all day.

FEBRUARY 1858

Mon. 1st to Fri. 5th. I was still sick and the weather is getting colder. On Thursday I felt some better and went to Shumway's shanty. Cold and snowing.

Sat. 6th. My sickness returned or had a relapse. Hard frost.

Sun. and Mon. 7th and 8th. Quite sick.

Tues. 9th to Thur. 11th. Health improving. Was able to walk around a little Thursday. It is very cold.

Fri. 12th. I went to get a load of wood but gave out and had to come home.

Sat. 13th. Was taken sick again.

Sun. 14th. Some better.

Mon. 15th. The leg I got hurt in the mountains had been sore for some time. It had never entirely healed up. I discovered a bone or something that had to come out.

Tues. 16th. I was able to work a little. The weather is still cold.

Wed. 17th. This day I. E. Johnson started for Washington. I opened my leg with my knife to get out the bone.

Thur. 18th. I went over to Johnson's farm with I. Lewis. When I got back I opened my leg further with a lance.

Fri. 19th. My health is getting better. While searching my leg with a pair of tweezers I probed out a piece of wood as large as a small hickory nut which had been there all the time since the log hit me in the Mountains before coming out on my mission.

Sat. 20th. My health and leg are some better. I went chopping wood.

Sun. 21st. A cold day.

Mon. 22nd. Weather changed. Fine warm day. Hauled wood to Crescent City, feeling as smart as a kitten.

Tues. 23rd to Thur. 25th. Snow nearly all gone, and very warm. Still teaming. I went over to Florence with a load for Mr. Wm. Johnson.

Fri. 26th. Weather warm. Health good. Snow gone. Revives the mountain fever, but we must have patience.

Sat. 27th. A very cold morning and a north wind. Roads are muddy and half frozen. I took a load of wood to Crescent.

Sun. 28th. A fine morning. I have again recruited to a weight of 192.

MARCH 1858

Mon. 1st to Thur. 4th. Clear and very cold. Hauled brick for Louis Gadert.

Fri. 5th. Hauled wood. Weather warmer, health better and home fever getting stronger.

Sat. 6th. Hauled lumber from the Bluffs for Louis Gadert.

Sun. 7th. Brother Carter and I went up to William McKeown's. Returning in the evening.

Mon. 8th to Thur. 11th. Hauled lumber from the Bluffs and drove the team for Mrs. Johnson to Crescent City on a visit and return.

Fri. 12th. Brother Carter, McCrary and myself started over to Florence to see Brother Phelshaw, but the ice ran so in the river that we could not get across and had to turn back.

Sat. 13th. We went to Crescent in the evening. Was warm as summer.

Sun. 14th. Warm cloudy morning.

Mon. 15th. This morning Louis and I started to plowing. He took sick and went out of his head and I had to quit work and take care of him.

Tues. 16th. I hauled two loads of wood and finished paying for my mule and quit work. The last sixteen days I worked was to make up for the time I was sick.

Wed. 17th. Settled with Mrs. Johnson and agreed to work for her all the spare time I had until I started home.

Thur. and Fri. 18th and 19th. Hauled sand for L. Godart. Warm weather.

Sat. 20th. Went to the Bluff for lumber for L. Godart. Mary I. Johnson received a letter from her father saying he had talked with a great many men in Washington about sending troops to Utah and they all said that was very bad business, but if they quit the war now it would bring disgrace on the Government, so they agreed to put it through right or wrong. So thought Mr. Johnson. It caused thousands of Mormons to suffer. The first steamboat came up the river today.

Sun. 21st. In the afternoon Brother Carter and I went down to Crescent and met with the Elders and had some talk about going home.

Mon. 22nd. John Weekley and I went up to William McKeown's and came back afternoon. It was cloudy in the evening.

Tues. 23rd. Went to Johnson's other farm for a load of wheat and hauled sand for L. Godart in the afternoon.

Wed. 24th to Sat. 27th. Hauled sand and plowed. I went to Crescent in the afternoon and got my mule shod. I was plowing Saturday and John Maxwell came up from Glenwood and reported that a steamboat was at the Bluffs. We expected Elders on it. The weather is dry and warm and the people are sewing their grain.

Sun. 28th to Wed. 31st. Went down to Crescent city, and it was showering. Fixed harnesses, worked in the garden in the forenoon and then went to Crescent and met D. Brinton who had come from St. Louis.

APRIL 1858

Thur. 1st. Went with D. Brinton to hunt a horse and went to Crescent in the afternoon.

Sat. 4th. Went to Crescent with a load of wood. Cold day.

Sun. 4th. Met friends at Lillefields in the evening.

Mon. 5th. Went to Bluff City and bought \$3.50 worth of leather and 85 cents worth of irons.

Tues. 6th. Making saddles.

Wed. 7th. Went to Bluff City and bought sacking.

Fri. 9th. Went to my brother-in-law, Wm. KcKeown's and got a mare he gave me.

Sat. 10th. It was a very wet day. I went to Crescent and got the mare shod.

Sun. 11th. Was a wet, cold night and snowed.

Mon. 12th. Snow two inches deep and still snowing.

Tues. 13th to Thur. 15th. Preparing to leave. Went to Florence. It was cold and damp.

Fri. 16th. Was working at Crescent and went to a party at Barton's in the evening.

Sun. 18th. Cold wet day. Twitchell and Godart came up to Ellesdale.

Mon. 19th. Went to Crescent City and bought a wagon from Homer for \$75.00.

Tues. 20th. Was at Crescent City fixing the wagon.

Wed. 21st. Making wagon bows.

Thur. 22nd. Was sorting potatoes in the cellar and the day was as cold as winter.
Fri. and Sat. 23rd and 24th. Hauled wood and went to Florence to see some of the boys.
Sun. 25th. Cloudy. There are grasshoppers by thousands.
Mon. 26th. Making wagon box and fixing wagon.
Tues. 27th. Mrs. Snider has been sick for some time and I sat with her. The weather was dry and warm.
Wed. 28th. About 3 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Snider died. On this date Carter and I picked up our things and started home.
Thur. 29th. We crossed the Missouri River yesterday and finished getting our outfit at Florence today, where we came yesterday.
Fri. 30th. We started from Florence today about 2 o'clock from home and went about four miles and camped. The evening was cloudy and it commenced to rain.

MAY 1858

Sat. 1st. We went as far as the Horn. It rained all day and night.
Sun. 2nd. We went over on the Platte road which was very muddy. It was raining when we started.
Mon. 3rd. It was heavy traveling, yet we traveled 30 miles and camped on the Platte.
Tues. 4th. Traveled to Casping Glass Creek.
Wed. 5th. Traveled 8 miles. Was a clear day.
Thur. 6th. Shoed horses.
Fri. 7th. The English Missionaries came.
Sat. 8th. The rest of the Company came.
Sun. 9th. We went down to the Loop [Loup] Fork and commenced to Ferry over on three canoes.

**TABLE 4 Robert Gardner, Jr.
Handcart Mission 1857
Dates, Places & Mileage**

5-Dec-08

Dates 1857	PLACES Usually Camping Sites at the END of the Day	Activity	Miles	Miles from Salt Lake City	Days from start
22-Apr	STARTED at Mill Creek - Endowment House	Set Apart/Blessings			
23-Apr	Cold Springs in Emigration Canyon	Orson Hyde & Brigham Young gave Instructions	6.00	6.00	
24-Apr	Big Mountain	Estimate-->	10.00	16.00	1
25-Apr	Canyon Creek	Estimate-->	12.00	28.00	2
26-Apr	Devils Gate		15.00	43.00	3
27-Apr	Echo Canyon		14.00	57.00	4
28-Apr	Bear River		23.00	80.00	5
29-Apr	Soda Springs		18.00	98.00	6
30-Apr	Fort Bridger		15.00	113.00	7
1-May	Smith's Fork		12.00	125.00	8
2-May	Ham's Fork		22.00	147.00	9
3-May	Green River		26.00	173.00	10
4-May	Big Sandy		28.50	201.50	11
5-May	Dry Sandy		21.00	222.50	12
6-May	Sweetwater River [Crossed the Continental Divide]		21.00	243.50	13
7-May	Sweetwater River		20.00	263.50	14
8-May	Sweetwater River		20.00	283.50	15

9-May	Sweetwater River		29.00	312.50	16
10-May	Devils Gate	Mail Arrived from SLC	10.00	322.50	17
11-May	Bridger's on Sweetwater		15.00	337.50	18
12-May	Dry hollow past Willow Creek Springs		23.00	360.50	19
13-May	Platte River Bridge		21.00	381.50	20
14-May	Platte Bottom		18.00	399.50	21
15-May	Fort Boyce		14.50	414.00	22
16-May	West Branch of Labanta		23.50	437.50	23
17-May	Platte River		25.00	462.50	24
18-May	Horse Creek	Washed shirts	10.00	472.50	25
19-May	Top of a high ridge	George A. Smith Gave Instructions	13.00	485.50	26
20-May	Fort Laramie		24.50	510.00	27
21-May	North side of Platte River	Purchased supplies - over Platte River on Ferry	9.00	519.00	28
22-May	Raw Hide Creek + 22.5 miles		25.50	544.50	29
23-May	Near Scotts Bluff	Killed Antelope	28.00	572.50	30
24-May	Scotts Bluff + 19.5 miles	Passed Chimney Rock	27.00	599.50	31
25-May	Add 26 miles		26.00	625.50	32
26-May	Ashpalm		27.50	653.00	33
27-May	Rattle Snake Creek	Ate greens provisions low	28.50	681.50	34
28-May	Went 24 miles	Traded Indians for Buffalo	25.00	706.50	35
29-May	Platte River	Met Calif Emigrants	26.00	732.50	36
30-May	Platte River	Provisions about gone	25.00	757.50	37
31-May	Went 25 miles	Bought provisions from Emigrants going to Calif.	25.00	782.50	38
1-Jun	Not noted	Killed 2 Buffalo	25.00	807.50	39
2-Jun	Not noted	Catch up crew	32.25	839.75	40
3-Jun	Purrara Creek plus 8 miles		23.00	862.75	41
4-Jun	Near Loop Fork	Noted emigrant wells	25.00	887.75	42
5-Jun	Not noted	Killed Elk	25.00	912.75	43
6-Jun	Marindale Camp, new Mormon Settlement	Got provisions	16.00	928.75	44
7-Jun	Passed Columbus a new town		20.00	948.75	45
8-Jun	Shoal Creek + 20 miles		30.00	978.75	46
9-Jun	Liberty Pole on Platte River to Patea Creek	Passed Elk Horn River	32.00	1010.75	47
10-Jun	Florence, Nebraska (better known as Winter Quarters)	Estimate-->	19.25	1030.00	48

**Average Miles
per day --> 21.5**

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN TO ROBERT GARDNER JR.
ON HIS FIRST TRIP TO NAUVOO [June 1845 - Age 25]
BY WM. SMITH

Beloved Brother Gardner, I lay my hands upon thy head to confer upon thee a Father's blessing and a blessing that is a purely Patriarchal one, that shall prove a source of joy to thee in the times of sickness, sorrow, trouble and distress. Thy past life up to this present time has been a life of sorrow and of much trouble, yet thine aspirations after knowledge and the glory of God have brought thee [thee] to this land. Thy spirit has become refreshed and with new courage wilt thou return to the land of thy friends. The testimony which thou shalt bear for Zion and its sons will make the hearts of many rejoice. Thou shalt be blessed in thy journey homeward and in all the labors of thy hands, especially in bearing testimony of the truths of Mormonism which have been revealed through the Prophet of the last days, and whatsoever thou shalt put thy hand to do shalt prosper, when thy heart is right before the Lord and when the commandments of God are duly considered by thee. Wisdom shall be given unto thee to unfold mysteries and dark passages of Scripture in a manner that shall prove astonishing to thyself by the help of the spirit of God which is the spirit of revelation.

Thou hast been appointed unto a holy calling even the Priesthood of Melchisedec [Melchizedek] to administer in the ordinances and sacraments as he did in the days of old. The blessings of Jacob and of his twelve sons are upon thy head. After many days thou shalt return to this place again and behold the Temple of God when it is finished and view all its apartments. In it thou shalt behold a fulfillment of the promises made by ancient Israel for thou art one of the chosen seed of promise and thou shalt receive an exaltation to a great glory, greater than thy heart now anticipates for the power of the holy priesthood is upon thee and shall be truly manifested as it was in the days of prophets. The blood of Ephraim runs in thy veins. Thou art a descendant of Abraham and thy name shall be perpetuated to many generations. Thy days shall be long in the land yet thou wilt see some more days of trouble for thine enemies will conspire against thee because of the message thou shalt bear to them, but in the time of trouble thou shalt find a friend that is true and faithful and by the prayers of thy faithful companion who is thy bosom friend and will prove true unto death thou wilt be delivered and great will be the deliverance.

When gloomy clouds arise and thy spirit becomes drooping the visions of heaven by night will relieve all thy doubts and fears and thy dreams shall trouble thee much in the times of great danger that it shall be said of thee, "He is a dreamer and a visionary man". Because of thy faith in those things and in spite of all thy enemies thou shalt have influence over thy father's house and to rule thine own family well. And if thou art faithful no power in heaven, on earth, or under the earth or even in the region of the damned shall wrest thy crown from thee or despoil thee of thy salvation, and the salvation of thy relatives and family in the Kingdom of God. Thy posterity shall become numerous and be gathered with thee to Zion and jointly with thee have an everlasting inheritance which is eternal and immortal. All of this blessing of which I have spoken I seal upon thine head by the Authority of the Holy Priesthood in the name of Jesus Christ. Even so, Amen. Given by William Smith, Patriarch.

[Underlined segment is referred to on Page 17 of the Self History]

OBITUARY
from Newspaper Clipping

PINE VALLEY

ROBERT GARDNER DEAD

Grand and Eventful Career of a Pioneer of 1847 Closed at 87.

Special Correspondence.

Pine Valley, Washington, Co., Feb 19,

Robert Gardner, one of the pioneers of 1847 departed this life Feb. 3, 1906, in his eighty-seventh year. Deceased was born Oct. 12, 1819, at Kilsyth Shropshire, Scotland, and came to Canada with his parents, Robert and Margaret Calendar, in 1821 or 1822. He was baptized in January, 1845, by his brother William. In June following he visited the Saints in Nauvoo, making the 500 mile journey both ways mostly on foot. In the spring of 1846 he and his wife and three little children, his father and mother, his brothers William and Archibald and their families and Sister Mary and her husband, Roger Luckham, left Canada to join the body for the Church, but when they got to Nauvoo the Saints had started to leave and the emigrants continued their journey to the west and arrived in Winter Quarters in the fall of 1846, suffering some hardships. In 1847 they started to cross the plains, burying by the roadside his oldest boy, who was run over by the wagon. They came on in Bishop Edward Hunter's company, and in Joseph Horne's fifty, arriving in Salt Lake Valley Oct. 1, 1847 and endured with fortitude and privations of the pioneers.

Deceased was ordained a member of the Twelfth Quorum of Seventy in early days in Salt Lake, and in 1855 he was ordained a High Priest and set apart as second counselor to Rueben Miller, Bishop of Mill Creek ward. On April 22, 1857, he started to cross the plains with the handcart company to fill a mission to Canada, but was called home when Johnston's army came to Utah. In the fall of 1861 he was called to the Dixie mission, arriving in St. George on Dec. 1, 1861, and helped to lay out the city. From that time he was closely identified with the growth and development of Southern Utah. In 1862 he was set apart as Bishop of St. George by Apostle Erastus Snow, and sometime after was sustained as presiding Bishop of the different wards of Dixie. When the United Order was inaugurated in St. George, he was called to preside over its destinies by President Brigham Young, and in November 1869 he was set apart as first counselor to Joseph W. Young, president of the St. George stake of Zion. When the latter died in 1873 Elder Gardner and A. F. Macdonald took charge of the stake until Elder John D. T. McAllister was called to Dixie to preside.

He was twice elected mayor of St. George, serving from 1872 to 1876. He took a prominent part in the building of the St. George Temple, and after its completion, was one of the efficient workers for four years from 1883 to 1887. In the spring of 1878 he moved a portion of his family to Price, five miles south of St. George, where he again acted as Bishop until his return to St. George in 1880. In 1883 he moved to Pine Valley, where he spent his last days, surrounded by the most of his family.

He was ordained a Patriarch in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by President Francis M. Lyman, Sept. 13, 1900. He leaves a large posterity, being father of 37 children; he has also 156 grandchildren and 42 great-grandchildren, his descendants numbering into five generations, as he has one or two great-great-grandchildren.

COMPLEXITY OF “TRANSCRIBING” HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

To illustrate the complexity of “transcribing” historical documents, four versions of two pages of the “History of Robert Gardner, Jr.” were studied.

1. First, 180 Microfilmed Images of the “original” faded notes from the Robert Gardner Jr. Journal/Self History were obtained from the LDS Church Archives found on Microfilm roll MS1744 Frames 194 thru 297. [A hand transcription of the Journal/Self History is also found on Microfilm roll MS 1744 from frames 301 thru 371. However this hand written document terminates just before the time when Robert was Ordained Bishop of St. George. As a consequence, I only worked with the “original” handwritten documents found on Frames 194-297.] These images were “scanned” by the Archives Staff and placed as images on a Computerized Disc (CD). See Page 79 for an example of Journal pages 26 and 27 from the original Journal.
2. Second, viewing these CD images, the handwritten documents were transcribed into the computerized word processor as nearly in its original form as possible, with spelling errors, lack of punctuation etc. Reading the handwritten notes “phonetically” it was quite easy to do the transcription. Unfortunately there were 4 page long sentences and multiple spellings of the same words, including those of his wives!!
3. Third, the transcribed records were edited and put into English text with more current spelling and sentence structures.
4. Fourth, the record “transcribed by Reuben G Miller from faded diaries and pencil notes to a typewritten copy” dated 7 August 1934” was used as a comparison.

#2: ORIGINAL Transcribed as in the Journal/Self History

00275 – Page 26 – “RAW” TYPING FROM THE MICROFILM

millcreek in the winter on bisnes I found him there and he came back with me I prevous to going back to Millcreek at this time President Snow wished the present Site of St. George City Survaid and wished me to rase a coumpney of men and go with the Survaioir I got a large cedar Stake hewed and plained it and drove it for the furst Stake in the South east corner of St. Gorge City then known as plat A block A (actually Plat A and Block 1 at 200 East 300 South) cornering on the north west with the block now lying on the north of the Temple block now oned by Lars Larson this was in Febreuary 62 and this Same mounth we broke camp and moved on to our city lots we placed our wagons and put up Some brush Shades we caled them wekeups and the furst tithing gathered in the ward was Stored in my brush Shade until we bilt a Small tithing office I was continued

Page 27

Bishop of St. George until 7 Nov 1869 when Joseph W. Young was apointed president of the St. George Stake of Zion when he chose me his furst counceler and James G Blake [Bleak] Seckent I now must go back I think to the faul of 63 when I went back to Salt lake and Sold my property consisting of one half of a gristmil on big Cottenwood and my farm on Millcreek to President Brigham Young for eight thousand dolars in Stock and wagons Stoves and aney he had to Spare I asked him for five hindered dolars in money on the place to help me to Start in makeing a in home in a new place he Said he would not gave me a red cent in money and I alwis found him as good as his word So I tok Some of the above named things and paid five hunder dolars tithing and two hunder to help the emigration fund and left the rest in his hands

#3: Edited to put in more proper current English with Headers added

Mill Creek in the winter on business. I found him there and he came back to St. George with me.

SURVEYED CITY OF ST. GEORGE – DROVE LARGE CEDAR STAKE

Prior to going back to Mill Creek at this time, President Snow wished the present site of St. George City to be surveyed and wished me to raise a company of men and go with the Surveyor. I got a large cedar stake, hewed and planed it, and drove it for the first stake in the southeast corner of St. George City, then known as Plat A Block A [actually Plat A and Block 1 at 200 East 300 South], cornering on the north west of the block now lying on the north of the Temple block now owned by Lars Larson [See St. George Pioneer Map – page 40]. That was in February 1862 and this same month we broke camp and moved on to our city lots. We placed our wagons and put up some brush shades we called them wikiups and the first tithing gathered in the Ward was stored in my brush shade [wikiup], until we built a small tithing office.

I continued to be Bishop of St. George until 7 Nov 1869 when Joseph W. Young was appointed President of the St. George Stake of Zion. He chose me as his First Counselor and James G. Blake [Bleak], Second.

SOLD MILL CREEK AND COTTONWOOD MILLS TO BRIGHAM YOUNG

I must now go back, I think to the fall of 1863 when I went back to Salt Lake and sold my property consisting of one half of a gristmill on Big Cottonwood Creek and my farm on Mill Creek to President Brigham Young for eight thousand dollars in stock and wagons, stoves, and anything he had to spare. I asked him for five hundred dollars in money on the place to help me to start in making a home in a new place. He said he would not give me a red cent in money, and I always found him as good as his word. So I took some of the above named things and paid five hundred dollars tithing and two hundred to help the emigration fund and left the rest in his hands.

#4: Text from the 1934 Reuben G. Miller typewritten copy:

After we had arranged our affairs and were ready to return to St. George I was again accompanied by my friend, William Lang. I left John with his mother, and took James, Jane's son.

Previous to leaving St. George on this trip, President Snow requested me to select some men and organize a surveying party to lay out the town site of St. George. I did that, and drove a large cedar stake in the South east Corner of St. George City, then known as Plot A Block A. That was in February 1862 and during that same month we broke camp and moved on to our respective City lots. We placed our wagons and built some brush sheds over them and called them We-Ke-Ups. I was Bishop of the Ward and the first tithing paid in, was stored in and under my shed.

I was sustained Bishop until November 7, 1869 at which time Joseph W. Young was appointed and sustained to be the President of the Stake and he chose me as his first counselor and James G. Blake [Bleak] as second counselor.

In 1863 I returned to Salt Lake City. At that time I sold my property, which consisted of my farm, improvements and home on Mill Creek, and my half interest in the Grist Mill on Big Cottonwood to President Brigham Young for \$8,000. I was to be paid in stock, wagons, stove, and anything he had to spare. I asked him for \$5,000 [actually \$500] in money on the deal to help me start in making a home in a new place, but he said he would not give me a red cent in money, and I always found him as good as his word. So I took some of the above mentioned things, and then paid \$5,000 [actually \$500] into the tithing fund to be drawn as I had need for it. I paid \$200 into the Emigration fund, and left the rest in the hands of Brigham Young.

millcreek in the winter on horses
I found him there and he came back
with me. X we was to going back to
Millcreek at this time. President Snow
wished the present site of St George
city shoveld and wished one to raise
a company of men and go with the
shoveler I got a large cedar stake
hewed and plained it and drove it
for the first stake in the south east
corner of St George city then known as
plot A block A corner on the north
west with the block now lying on
the north of the Temple block
now owned by Lars Larson this was in
February 62 and this same month
we broke camp and moved on to
our city lots we placed our wagons
and put up some brush shades we
called them weckups and the first
tithing gathered in the ward was
stored in my ^{brush} shade until we built
a small tithing office. gives continued

Bishop of St George until the 7th 1869
When Joseph W. Young was granted
president of the St George Stake of Zion
when he chose me his first counselor
and James G. Blake Sargent
I now must go back third to the point
of 63 when I went back to Salt Lake and
sold my property consisting of one half
of a gristmill on big cottonwood
and my farm on Millcreek to Break
Brigham Young for eight thousand dollars
in stock and wagons. Stones and only he
had to spare I asked him for five
hundred dollars in money on the place
to help me to start in making a
in home in a new place. he said
he would not give me a red cent
in money and I always found him
as good as his word. I say that some
of the above named things and paid
five hundred dollars for tithing and two
hundred to help the emigration fund
and left the rest in his hands

History of Robert Gardner, Jr. and Archibald Gardner Monument

Located at 3570 Highland Drive in Salt Lake City, UT 84106 --

On the west side of Highland Drive just north of Mill Creek

In the summer of 1935 my father, Reuben Gardner, and his brother, Uncle Thomas Gardner were visiting with us at our home on Windsor Street. One day Joseph Wirthlin, as a representative of the Historical Society, came to see them and asked them to accompany him to pick out the sight where a monument should be erected to show the sight of the first successful lumber mill erected in the Salt Lake Valley.

They took him to the home [Address 1475 Murphy Lane, Salt Lake City, UT 84106 – just south and a bit west of the monument] which their father had built on Mill Creek, so named because its waters had been used to operate the mill. Back of the house in Mill Creek the old mill race could clearly be seen. Later that year the monument, now standing on [3570] Highland Drive near Murphy's Lane was erected.

Both father and Uncle Tom were very happy about the erection of the monument as their father, Robert Gardner [Jr.], and Uncle Archibald Gardner had built and operated the mill.

When the monument was dedicated my entire family attended the dedication, along with father. Mason, at the time was a baby only a few months old. We were all so proud to be there and proud of our ancestors. Father told us he and Uncle Tom and Uncle Ozro had all been born in the little house which still stands at 1475 East Murphy's Lane.

This house [was] owned by Thomas and Alma Mulhall. They have renovated the home and have it beautifully and tastefully decorated. It has a "Historical Marker" on the outside wall.

In 1976 Effie and I went to see the house. The Mulhalls invited us in and very graciously showed us through. They said any Gardner descendent would be welcomed anytime. In the course of the conversation Mr. Mulhall said, "I wonder if you know who the old gentlemen were who came here with the man from the Historical Society to verify the sight of the mill". He went on to say they were distinguished looking and one had a goatee and a mustache. I was proud to tell him that one was my father [Reuben] and the other one was Uncle Tom.

Helen G. Stout - [Summer 1935].

Monument Inscription

No 57

Erected Dec. 7, 1935

GARDNER'S SAW MILL

WAS ERECTED BY ROBERT GARDNER AND SONS,
ARCHIBALD, ROBERT [Jr.], AND WILLIAM, ON WARM SPRINGS STREAM,
IN SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1847, WHERE THREE BOARDS
WERE SAWED. THE MILL WAS MOVED TO THIS SITE IN 1848, PRO-
DUCING THE FIRST COMMERCIAL LUMBER IN UTAH, ON THE FIRST
FORMAL GRANT OF WATER FOR INDUSTRIAL USE. LATER A FLOUR
MILL WAS ERECTED A FEW RODS UP STREAM, THESE PLANTS GIVING
THE NAME, MILL CREEK, TO THE STREAM AND CANYON. GARDNER'S
FORT, DOMICILE OF THE GARDNER FAMILIES, WAS LOCATED A
SHORT DISTANCE NORTHEAST, THE GARDNERS RECEIVING THE
FIRST PERMIT TO LEAVE THE PIONEER FORT.

UTAH PIONEER TRAILS AND LANDMARK ASSOCIATION
THE GARDNER FAMILY AND THE PRIESTHOOD OF WILFORD WARD

Utah Historic Site **MARKER** on the Home

At 1475 Murphys Lane

Utah
Historic Site

GARDNER HOME
AND MILL SITE

SITE OF SAW MILL WHICH BEGAN
OPERATION EARLY IN 1848, GIVING
STREAM THE NAME MILLCREEK.
ORIGINAL THREE-ROOM ADOBE HOME
BUILT BY ROBERT GARDNER, 1848.
PURCHASED BY THOMAS E. MULHALL
1928, REMODELED IN 1930.

Division of State History No. S-06

DESERET NEWS ARTICLE ABOUT THE MONUMENT [22March 1978]

Monument marks site of sawmill built in 1848

By Jonnalyne Walker
Deseret News staff writer

The site of the Gardner Sawmill built by Archibald and Robert Gardner in 1848, is identified by a historic marker at 3570 Highland Drive.

The Gardners originally erected the sawmill on Warm Springs Stream in 1847. The mill had been a failure because the Gardners had been used to running mills in Canada with heavy streams and a low "head" or fall from two to eight feet.

"We thought a very little water would do, but we had too little at Warm Springs and we could not make lumber," Robert Gardner wrote in his journal.

The sawmill was moved from Warm Springs to Mill Creek in 1848, where the first commercial lumber in Utah was cut.

The two brothers, Archibald and Robert, had formed a partnership in building mills. Their houses and land were close together on Mill Creek and Robert Gardner, their father, built a small log house nearby. A mill on the Jordan River was also built by the Gardner brothers.

In 1851, Robert Gardner moved to the Jordan River to run the second mill. He erected a small grist mill in connection with the sawmill on the Jordan.

In 1853, the two brothers traded places and Robert Gardner returned to run the sawmill on Mill Creek. The partnership was then dissolved.

A grist mill was built in connection with the mill on Mill Creek in 1853.

According to Robert Gardner's journal, the water from Mill Creek which was used to run the saw mill and water farm and pasture was diverted above the property in 1856. These other water appropriations left the Gardner property dry.

Gardner set out to finish a partially constructed canal to Big Cottonwood from which to get water to run his mill and irrigate his farm.

The water, brought six miles from Big Cottonwood to Mill Creek, could not be kept in the canal. Gardner's journal said the canal was a failure because it kept breaking as it ran along the foot of the mountain, around side hills and across hollows.

The inability to get water flowing through the canal resulted in Gardner losing his crop, mill and stock.

Monument Erected To Lumbermen's Memory

From the Ogden Standard Examiner

Monday Evening, December 2, 1935 SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 2 -

Work in 1848 of three brothers, Robert, Archibald and William Gardner who built and operated the first commercial sawmill in what is now Utah and utilized the first commercial water right in the Intermountain "area" will be commemorated next Saturday [7 December 1935] at 2 p.m. when a 70 ton rock monument will be unveiled at the mill, site, Highland drive and Murphy's lane. Announcement, of the dedication services was made by John D. Giles executive secretary of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks association.

TIMBER FOR THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE PROVIDED BY ROBERT GARDNER, JR. FROM THE PINE VALLEY MOUNTAIN AREA

For reasons unknown – the following episode in the life for Robert Gardner, Jr. is not reported in any of the previous pages. This information was made available by Mrs. Bernella G. Jones, a granddaughter of Robert Gardner, Jr. and Cynthia Berry Gardner. The timber stumps were located and marked by the United States Forest Service Ranger Otto Fife who died during the summer of 1979.

When the Salt Lake Tabernacle was under construction [completed in 1869], President Brigham Young decided that the finest pipe organ possible should be installed. Upon investigation, it was found that two of the world's greatest organs – one in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and one in Freeburg, Switzerland, had been built by Joseph Ridges, an English carpenter and organ builder. Mr. Ridges was in Sydney, Australia, at the time, building an organ there.

Missionaries were sent to Australia to see him, and to their surprise, found that he had joined the Mormon Church. Later, he immigrated to America, and upon arrival in Salt Lake City, told President Young that the quality of an organ depended on the quality of the wood used in its construction. Consequently, samples of wood from saw mills throughout the west were brought in and were tested with pressure; tested with microscopes for cell structure; tested for different acids with water. Fine grain wood, that had few knots and little gum or pitch, was selected from the Pine Valley Mountains. The lumber had to be cut in 30 foot lengths.

Because Robert Gardner, Jr. was an expert lumber man, he was put in charge of getting out the timber – 25,000 board feet were used in the construction of the organ.

The organ in the Boston Music Hall may have inspired Mr. Ridges in constructing the exposed portion of the organ with its huge decorative expansive pipes, which are visible today. Some of these large wooden pipes are made of that lumber.

Three of the stumps from which the trees were cut can still be seen in the mountains near Pine Valley – two in Forsyth Canyon and one in the Recreation Area east of town. Because souvenir hunters have chipped off bits of wood, and the rotting of the stumps, rocks and markers have been placed around them to preserve them, as long as possible. ***Above material is from the L. Robert Gardner 1980 Edition of Robert Gardner Journal***

From the LDS Church Web Site [2 September 2008]: The Tabernacle organ has an interesting history. President Brigham Young asked Joseph Harris Ridges, who was born and raised near an organ factory in England, to build the first Tabernacle organ. Suitable timber was located and brought by volunteers from the Parowan and Pine Valley mountains, 300 miles south of Salt Lake City. In the beginning, the organ was powered by hand-pumped bellows, later by water power, and today by electricity. With improved techniques in organ construction, the instrument has been renovated and enlarged several times. Now comprising 11,623 pipes, the organ has 206 ranks of voices, and the console has 5 manuals, or keyboards. The Tabernacle organ is considered to be one of the finest organs in the world.

Indian Interactions of Bishop Robert Gardner, Jr.

From "*I WAS CALLED TO DIXIE*" By Andrew Karl Larson 1961 – pages 539-540

An attempt to aid the Indians to help themselves is seen in a communication of Bishop Robert Gardner [Jr.] of Price Ward to Chief Moqueak and his band, through interpreter Augustus P. Hardy.

Price Ward, 24th March, 1879

To Moqueak and his men,

Brethren: -- Brother McAllister, Bro. Snow, and the Big Chief, John Taylor, have bought 10 acres of land from the Mormons for \$300.00, on the lower end of our Farm, which I will show you, for use of the Indians.

I, Bishop of Price Ward, will see that it is plowed, and marked out for watering, and plough out your head-ditches, and let you have water, through the water master.

You may divide it to suit yourselves, so that it is divided in strips up and down, so that we can plow it. We cannot plow it in little, round patches. Or, I will divide it for you as you wish. This is all we expect to do. You must do all the rest of the work and help on the ditch and Dam, and keep your horses off our land. If our horses get on our crop, you must pay the damage, like other Mormons. If our horses, or cattle, destroy your crops, we must pay you the damage.

We feel kindly to you Indians, and we will do you all the good we can. But we have to work hard to get our bread, and clothing and teams to work our land; our wives have to work hard; our children have to work hard, and we have no time to work for you, only what you cannot do.

You Indians want a heap of land and have no teams, nor plows, nor tools, to work with, nor seed to plant; you want Mormons do all this for you. We have not time, we must work for our own children. You must do as we do, - take a little land, do a heap of work and raise more grain.

Now, Moqueak, what I say, I mean, and you need not trouble me any more, for more land. I know better what is good for you, than you do yourself.

I remain, very kindly to Indians,

R. Gardner
Bishop of Price Ward

From Southern Utah Mission Record, March 24, 1879

Initial St. George Camp High Council

Camp High Council in St. George – From p 43 *Immortal Pioneers* by Albert E. Miller 1946

On the fifth of December [1861], a camp council, or church high council [of 12 men], was appointed, consisting of:

Robert Gardner [Jr.]
Daniel Duncan McArthur
Angus Munn Cannon
Benjamin Franklin Pendleton
William Lang
(Dr.) Israel Ivins

George Woodward
William Carter
James Goodson Bleak
Ute Warren Perkins
William Fawcett
Lysander Dayton

PREFACE TO PREVIOUS EDITIONS

1. Original 1934

This record of the life of Robert Gardner [Jr.] has been taken from his diaries and his own History now in the hands of his daughter, [Mary] Alice Gardner Snow of St. George, Utah.

The records were transcribed by Reuben G. Miller from faded diaries and pencil notes to a typewritten copy. We have preserved the language and style of Robert Gardner [Jr.], transcribing the records as literally as possible.

Salt Lake City, Utah
August 7th, 1934

Reuben G. Miller
George Gardner
Helen Gardner

One Hundred Copies Mimeographed **1934**
G. Gardner H. Gardner

2. Daughters of Utah Pioneers Version - Journal and Diary of Robert Gardner- Compiled by: **Kate B. Carter**, March 1949 Central Company, Daughters of Utah Pioneers. Took the original work of Miller and published it with headers and subtitles.

3. Edited work by **Karl S. Snow, 25 February 1971** – 100 copies made February 1971
Because of the inspiration which I received from this record which I received from my mother at about age 10, I arranged for copies to be made so that each of my children and others might have their own copy.

4. **First Edition by L. Robert Gardner**, Cedar City, Utah 200 copies printed **July 31, 1973**
This “second generation” record of the life of Robert Gardner, Jr. was typed, photographed and printed by the offset press in the office of L. Robert Gardner, a great grandson through the second wife Cynthia Lovina Berry.

The text was copied from a previous book compiled from the diaries and personal writings of Robert Gardner, Jr., which were in the hands of his daughter [Mary] Alice Gardner Snow of St. George, Utah; transcribed to typewritten copy by Ruben G. Miller; reproduced by mimeograph by George Gardner and Helen Gardner in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1934.

The language and style of Robert Gardner, Jr. has been preserved as faithfully as possible. Occasional discrepancies in dates and names have been noted by asterisk (*).

L. Robert Gardner
Cedar City, Utah

5. **Second Edition by L. Robert Gardner**, Cedar City, Utah 400 copies printed **February 1980**

This edition is largely a reprint from the photographic negatives used in the 1973 Edition with the addition of several items of interest such as photographs, maps and rhetoric, a goodly portion of which had been assembled by Mrs. Sandra Snow Madsen, a great-granddaughter through Jane McKeown.

It should be noted that the reprint material herein had apparently been extensively edited and abridged as may be ascertained from the photographs of handwritten Journal pages.